PAGE MISSING

PAGE MISSING

PAGE MISSING

PAGE MISSING

MY CHILDREN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA H. CASE.

I sit in the dusky twilight,
When the summer day is done,
And beautiful dreams and fancies
Flit past me, one by one.

And along with the tender visions,
My children come trooping in,
Flushed and tired and sleepy,
Bessie, and Maud, and Lynn.

Sweet Bess, so wilfully winning,
With a shower of tangled curls,
Uplifting her face for my kisses,
My fairest, my "rosebud of girls."

And Maud, the frolicsome fairy,
Cuddled up on my bosom lies,
One white arm over my shoulder,
My child with her papa's eyes,

And broad, white brow; she is like him,
Lo I give her kiss on kiss,
A part of them meant for the father,
The crown of my earthly bliss.

Lynn, "playing horses" with Carlo,
Plying the horse with noise,
Handsome, and frank, and manly,
A very prince of boys.

There's a sound of steps on the pavement,
"Papa is coming," they cry;
And out through the hall and the doorway,
Breathless and eager they fly.

Low laughter, soft, sweet cooing,
My nest of fluttering doves!
He soon will come in with his darlings,
My husband, my love of loves.

Oh, the darkness comes over the hill-tops,
And the summer day is done,
Yet they come not in, and the visions
Have faded, one by one.

Home, and husband, and children,
Are a myth of my idle brain;
And I am alone—do you wonder
My heart holds a dreary pain?

THE BANK ROBBERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

SCENE.—Two of us sitting by the window of room No. 40 of the Seaside House. A myriad of sleepy stars winking through the summer haze outside—two fiery stars within winking at each other from the ends of our cigars. Dix's anatomy was in that peculiarly American position which brings the level end of the great toes on a bee-line with the nose. In other words his heels were suspended over the high back of the chair in front of him. His hat sagging well down over the short curls of black hair seemed ready for any emergency like the oozing out of the intellectual sponge of the back brain.

Our theme of conversation had been a very extensive and quite recent bank robbery.

"Do you recollect the B—— bank robbery, Carnes?"

I nodded, not caring to lose my mouthful of smoke to say yes.

"Faith, didn't you have a finger in that pie?"

"A little finger"—and away went my smoke.

"I thought so just as soon as I mentioned it. Come, tell us about it."

"Will pay? and the hall filling with dancers."

Dix drew out his watch.

"Plenty of time, Carnes: it is but nine o'clock—and my planet does not rise until later."

Donna Bell—eh? Well, to begin my story; it wasn't a bad night that I found myself on board the 5.30 train up from Batterstown, having been telegraphed three hours before to meet my superior officer at Dowling's Station. He, as chief of police, wished to give me a job in the line of my business as detective, to search for a clue, with some dozen others of the craft in different places, of the B—— bank robbers.

I saw him at Dowling's Station but a few minutes. He had to hasten on to Batterstown on urgent business, but promised to let the 5.30 train take him up there, and we would get a matter of sixty miles ride together, as he had to be in Long-port, a place that distance away at early morning. The train from Dowlings made a thirty minutes tarry at Batterstown. Here it was that the bank had been robbed; and here I wished to tarry a few moments for reasons of my own.

I had a fancy of my own. While the corps of detectives were swinging hither and thither expecting to flank the robbers, I had an overpowering notion of working steadily near the centre. Sometimes thieves take a wide circle from the scene of their transgression; sometimes they burrow near.

I got out while the train tarried at B——, and obtaining the necessary information of a porter, strode directly to the house of the cashier. He was lying dangerously ill from the injuries which he had received in his tussle with the robbers. In substance I gleaned from Mrs. —— this:

Three nights before the family had retired and were asleep. Mrs. ——, with an ailing child, was reposing in an anti-room adjoining the apartment occupied by her husband. In the middle of the night she had been aroused by some unusual sound in her husband's apartment. Springing up, she was confronted by a man masked, who not ungently thrust her back upon her pillow, suggesting that the least outcry might prove fatal to both herself and husband. He then very deliberately proceeded to tie her feet together and her hands also. To her whispered supplications to spare her husband, she received the reply:

"He will not be murdered if he uses discretion, but he must go with us and unlock the combination safe of the bank."

A light scuffle was going on in the other room, and she distinctly heard several blows struck upon her husband's person. Gagged and handcuffed, the brave man was yet struggling with his captors. The man who had left to assist his comrades now returned, and bound her to the bed in such a way that she could not move, and thrust a linen napkin into her mouth for a gag. The whole party then noiselessly withdrew by the doors which they had left ajar, bearing the unfortunate cashier between them.

After being gone an age, as it seemed to the horrified woman, who was ready to swoon with terror, they returned, and laying their captive upon his back on the couch, precipitately fled, bearing away some sixty or eighty thousand dollars.

"Had she noticed any peculiarities about the man who had bound her?" I asked.

"Nothing especially by which to identify him. His face was masked; he was neither uncommonly large nor small."

These were the main points.

The cashier, who had been wounded in several places by their rough treatment of him, while trying to gag and bind him, had bled considerably.

"Could I just look one moment into the room where the outrage occurred?"

Certainly.

I took a two minute's survey of the apartment. It had not been in any way disturbed since the morning when the rest of the family had found [illegible] aidless condition of Mr. —— and his [illegible]

Nothing of [illegible] ance met my glance excepting one [illegible] bloody stain upon the edge of [illegible] is might mean something, [illegible] so I will speak of it again.

I then had to hurry to catch the train, which even as I came up was agitating its monster spine preparatory to moving. My superior did not come on board at Batterstown, instead I had a despatch.

"Will catch you at Shannon," said the lightning.

I took my seat in the carriage, my mind busy with the problem given me to solve; and as usual, I began looking about to see who were passengers with me. The usual medley was presented.

I am possessed of a very vivid fancy. Nothing amuses me more than to pick up some of these stranger people whom one meets in his travels, and in my mind make them figure as celebrated, or notorious characters, of which I have read. For instance—taking a man, handsome, dignified, and of athletic frame, I identify him with the Chevalier Bayard, and wait to see how long he will make the fancy real. A half hour later I find him talking politics and swearing like a moss trooper. A man in the seat in front, of different opinions, has drawn out the antagonism and dispelled the heroic Bayard.

Digression aside.

Seated in front of me was a pretty girl, of from twenty to twenty-five years of age. Her elegant attire next attracted my eye, and I said to myself—"It's a pity—but there is just a trifle too much ornamentation for her style."

One station out from Shannon, the train took up a host of passengers. There had been a caucus, or something, and this crowd was the result.

Filing through the different cars, the large number filled all vacancies, excepting the end of the seat occupied by the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken. I then particularly noticed a young man, in a dark suit, with a Kossuth hat, walk hesitatingly along the aisle, as if wishing for a seat where no seat was to be had. He directly approached the one where the girl sat, paused a moment, seemed to recognize her, and after a handshake, sat down beside her. All this was extremely commonplace.

At Shannon, Col. Dyer, my superior, came on board, and the other fellow in my seat getting up, I thought to have the Colonel with me. But no. After adjusting his coat-tails more to his liking, the man sat down again, and Colonel Dyer passed into the next seat, which was the only one between myself and the couple mentioned.

The bold robbery being of recent date, afforded a theme for much conversation. The Colonel and myself, not to appear peculiar, made many inquiries, and received versions which would have astonished newspaper reporters.

Soon the couple directly in front of the Colonel, apparently catching some sound of the conversation, leaned towards him and made some inquiries relative to the subject. As he cleverly explained what he chose of the affair, they glanced at each other. That glance electrified me, although I did not appear to notice it. After that I let the Colonel do the talking, and I, in my own mind, figured away at my problem, trying it in single and double position.

As opportunity offered, some twenty miles along the route, I went into the seat with the Colonel, leaning my head against the shutter of the open window, and appeared to sleep.

The Colonel was getting along swimmingly with his new acquaintances, apparently quite disgusted with my stupid indolence. After a time I seemed to get still more soundly asleep, and shuffled and joggled about like a small candle in a large socket. My hat crushed down over my eyes began to slide, and directly like a small felt avalanche, it passed the bridge of my nose, and springing about to recover it, it was tossed quite into the seat occupied by the young lady and her companion. He did what I was calculating. He picked it up and passed it to me, while an amused expression stole over the faces of all who had seen the feat.

With eyes half shut, winking and blinking, I got hold of his hand and straitened it out, instead of my hat brim, and a minute after heard the girl whisper: "He is drunk."

No matter, I thought, "I have satisfied myself."

Soon after I aroused myself fully, laughed at my own ludicrous actions, and took occasion to whisper to Colonel Dyer. That worthy sprang up as suddenly as if he had sat down upon some hornets; but immediately recollecting himself coughed, shemmed and went on with his interrupted talk.

"Shopsville" bawled the conductor. The couple seemed preparing to leave. I nudged the Colonel with my elbow. We also arose.

Once out upon the platform, and the Colonel laid his hand upon the young man's sleeve.

"You are my prisoner—come quietly to the station-house."

A harsh oath was the reply, but Dyer had collared him, and a fiercer whisper was in my ear.

"I'll have your heart's blood for this."

I turned and gazed upon the transformed face of the elegantly dressed girl, now distorted with passion.

"Is that your game, madam? Then the safest way is to lodge you, also, as an accomplice."

"Of what do you dare accuse me?" fumed the young man."

"You are arrested on suspicion of being a participator in the B—— bank robbery."

"Fool! they've gone another route."

"You know, then?" coolly responded Dyer, leading him into safe lodgings.

We then, at my suggestion, immediately steamed back to Batterstown, went to the residence of the cashier, and I called Dyer's attention to the mark of the bloody hand upon the door. The thumb and forefinger were perfectly defined, the little finger, and the one next to it also.

"You see that the middle finger of the right hand is gone at the joint next the knuckle," said I to Dyer.

"Might not the finger be thrust back of the others?"

"In which case, it would bear no print from the uneven surface. Try with your own fingers; but this is clearly defined—a stamp. The door hangs by the right side, the hand which made the bloody print was the right one. The middle finger of the right hand of the man under arrest at Shopsville is gone to the middle joint."

One thing more. We questioned Mrs. B——, who, being a woman of sense and courage, had striven in every manner to fix upon some mode whereby to identify the villains. On being questioned, she testified to the fact that the ruffian who bound and gagged her, had lost half of the middle finger on the right hand. When we returned to Shopsville, he put us on the track of the other. We assured him that the game was all up, that he had been identified; and never dreaming of how slight a bit of circumstantial evidence we possessed, he betrayed his companions. The girl was also intimately connected with him in crime.

"PRITHEE" AND "MARRY."—The origin of some old-fashioned words is sometimes curious. Take, for instance, such words as "prithee" and "marry," both terms of asseveration. "Prithee" is plainly a corruption of "I pray thee." "Marry" was originally, in Popish times, a mode of swearing by the Virgin Mary. So, also, "marrow-bones" for the knees. "I'll bring him down upon his 'marrow-bones'"—that is, "I'll make him bend his knee as he does to the Virgin Mary."

☞ An Irishman who had *blistered* his fingers by endeavoring to pull on a pair of new boots, exclaimed: "I believe I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

BARNABY BALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

[This little ballad shows what befell a philanthropic Agent of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," called, for short, The S. P. C. A.]

"This is really unkind,"
Thought Barnaby Ball,
Glancing wildly behind
As he heard a voice call;
Charging close in his rear he saw a wild steer,
Escaped from its stall.

"Twenty folks in the street,
Yet I of them all—"
Here the poor man's retreat
Was stopped by a wall;
A lunge and a toss! and half-way across
The road did he fall.

"Lie low while I shoot!
Lie low or you're dead!"
To the brain of the brute
A lucky shot sped;
And Barnaby rose, shaking dust from his clothes,
Very angry and red.

"He's one of Bergh's men,"
A bystander spoke;
And all the crowd then
Seemed to think it a joke
That the brute's special spite on him should alight
And all laughed again.

"Why, what do you mean?"
Angry Barnaby cried,
(He'd occasion for spleen
As I can't be denied.)
"What sport there can be in this I don't see—
You'd laugh if I'd died."

"We laugh not at you,"
Said the man who first spoke,
"You must pardon our smiles,
Since your neck is not broke.
Did the brute, my dear sir, really *know* whom you were?—
That's the point of the joke!"

MY SISTER ZILLAH;

OR,

WHAT HAPPENED AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

We had all been restless and uneasy [illegible] fishes out of water the whole day; and when the whistle of the passenger train from the east broke suddenly upon the still summer air, we all started as if it were an entirely new sound to us, when the fact was we had been listening and waiting for that sound the whole of the afternoon.

Father looked up from the book he had been reading, and a glad gleam shone from his black eyes behind the spectacles.

Ralph came bounding up from the garden where he had been hoeing, and poking his head in through the open window exclaimed:

"There's the whistle, the train has come."

"Well, didn't you suppose we heard it?" I asked, unwilling to show how nervous the sound had made me.

And what were we all so excited over you will wonder, and who was coming on the train from the east? Why no less a personage than Zillah—our dear little baby Zillah whom we had not seen for a year.

You see father had been married twice, and was the eldest child of the first wife. Consequently a maiden lady of thirty-five at the time of which I write. The sister next to me was not living. Ralph was next older. Harry next, and when he was a year old mother had died and left us. Scarce two years later father brought home another wife; and she lived to give birth to one baby girl, when she too died. It was this baby girl, now a young lady of nineteen, yet still "our baby," who was coming. Four years before we had sent her away to a fashionable young ladies' seminary. Two or three girls from the neighborhood had been "finished" there, and had returned so improved and so accomplished under Madame M——'s training that we consented at last to the parting for Zillah, convinced that it would be for her benefit. It was a long distance, and she had made but three visits home. Once every year in the long summer vacation, and when she had graduated, received her diploma, and was coming home to stay. There was a rumble of wheels in the yard, and running to the door I saw Harry lifting a veiled figure from the carriage. Zillah had come. She came slowly up the path, so slowly that I looked at her in amazed silence. Always before she had bounded up the path like a young gazelle.

"Zillah!" I cried, starting forward at length, and then she threw up her veil, and held out her arms.

Could *this* be Zillah? *She* had round cheeks the color of blush roses, and dewy lips, and starry eyes; and this girl had thin, white face, and blue lips, and her eyes were sunken and hollow.

"Zillah, darling sister, what is the matter?" I cried, holding her to my heart. But Zillah hid her face upon my shoulder, and wept quietly without speaking. Father came out of an adjoining room with a sober face.

"What is the matter with my little girl?" he said. "Hasn't she a word of welcome for her old father?"

Zillah freed herself from my arms, and kissed father silently. "I am so tired," she said, "and so weak, and sick, that the joy of getting home has unnerved me. I want to go and lie down."

I led the way quietly up to her room, and left her, while I went down to see about the supper. Half an hour later I went softly to the door of her room, and looked in. Zillah was lying on the lounge, but her great hollow eyes were wide open. She was not asleep.

"Supper is all ready, Zillah," I said, "will you come down?"

She followed me down to the dining-room and took her old seat at the table. She praised the strawberry cake, and the berry pie, and the light biscuit, but she did not taste a mouthful. We went into the parlor after tea. "How light it is," she said, shading her eyes. "Please draw the blinds, Rachel—sunlight glares so. I cannot bear it."

I drew the blinds in silence.

"Play me something," Harry said, and

Zillah sat down at the piano, but she only sounded a few dreary minor chords.

"Sing to me," father said, coming into the parlor, and she began an old favorite of his, but her voice broke down into a sob.

"I cannot sing, and I cannot play," she said, rising hastily and closing the piano. "I am so tired, and so weary, and there is no music in my heart."

She went up to her room, and did not come down again that night.

A cold shadow fell upon us, and we looked at each other questioningly. "What ails our Zillah?" each heart was asking. Harry tried to whistle in an unconcerned manner, but it was a failure. Father took up his book, but kept turning the leaves, and I knew did not read a word. Zillah's coming home had been so different from the one we had pictured.

She came down the next morning, pale and listless, and all our efforts to interest or amuse her were in vain.

Father's solicitude, and Harry's stories, and Ralph's jokes all seemed to tire her.

Father called in our family physician the next day as he was passing, in defiance of Zillah's protestations against such a procedure. The old physician looked at Zillah's white cheeks and sunken eyes, placed his finger and thumb on her white wrist, asked her a few questions, and then said, "Hm! I see! all worn out with that abominable school. Got excited over a graduating essay, went out to lectures in the evening, and staid out late, got up at an early hour in the morning, quite likely dressed too light on the stage, and now the thing is all over, and worn out and exhausted. Nothing serious. Take a moderate amount of exercise, eat nourishing food, and you will soon be all right. I will leave you a few powders to regulate your system."

But Zillah quietly tossed the powders out of the window as soon as his back was turned. "I do not need or want any medicine," she said, "and I will not poison my self with it;" and the days went by, but there was no change in Zillah. Her old friends called, but their visits seemed to give her little pleasure, and their expressions of surprise and sorrow at the change in her, annoyed her exceedingly. "I wish they would all stay away," she exclaimed one day, "and leave me alone, with my own people! I do not want to see any one else."

"Not even Cliff Proudfit?" I asked. Cliff Proudfit was a young lawyer from the village just below, and one of Zillah's most ardent admirers. At one time she seemed pleased with his attentions, I thought, and I had hoped she would choose him in preference to all others, for he was fast winning a name in the world, and was a young man of spotless reputation.

Zillah flushed from brow to chin, and turned to the window.

"No," she said; "not even Cliff Proudfit. He least of all. I am glad he has gone east on a journey, so I shall be free from his persecutions for a time at least. I wish I might never see him again."

I was too amazed to speak. Every day some new and unaccountable whim seemed to be added to Zillah's peculiarities. She was not at all the Zillah of last year.

But Cliff Proudfit came back the very next day, and in the evening he rode up to our house. Zillah saw him from the window, and attempted to run up-stairs, but I would not let her go.

"You shall not be so foolish," I said. "What would he think? If you do not wish to receive his attentions any longer, you can very easily make him understand it, but you shall not run and hide." I was really provoked with the girl for her strange ways.

Cliff never said a word to Zillah concerning the change in her appearance. He started a little when he first looked at her, but said nothing. I thanked him in my heart for it.

He came out to me before he left, where I stood trimming some dead leaves and branches from my rose bush.

"Miss Rachel," he said in his low, musical voice, "what has come over Zillah? I never saw a person change in one short year as she has."

"And we all feel that as deeply as you do, and are just as much at a loss to know what ails her," I said. "She is just as you see her all the time. Never any different. Nothing arouses or affects her in any way. I am worried to death about her, but it annoys her to be spoken to about it, and I was glad that you did not comment on her altered appearance."

"It is awful, Miss Rachel," Cliff said, drawing a long breath, and there was a great fear in his beautiful eyes.

"I do not think her *life* is in any danger," I hastened to say; "she does not seem sick physically, but just listless and languid. I do not know what to do, and can only wait for time to work a change."

Cliff came often that summer, and Zillah grew more of an enigma to me daily. I knew that she watched for him, that she longed for his coming, and if he failed to come when expected she would be restless and uneasy, yet she was always cold, formal and distant in his presence, and sometimes hid herself away and would not see him at all. And she would have long, passionate spells of weeping over the most trivial occurrences, such as a thorn in her finger, or the death of a kitten, and as it seemed to me she merely seized upon these things to give vent to her overburdened heart.

"I believe you have left a lover behind you," I said to her one day, "and I wish you would tell me about it."

"I have no lover there, or anywhere else," she declared. "Love is a cheat and a humbug; and I wish—" but she did not finish the sentence.

It was the last day of August, and Ralph had just brought the mail—a business letter for father, one or two letters for Zillah from school friends, and the weekly paper.

Zillah read her letters idly, and tossed them aside, and took up the newspaper. I was sewing, and Ralph was telling me some anecdote, when suddenly we were startled by a sharp cry from Zillah. She was paler than ever, and the paper dropped from her nerveless hand as she sprang to her feet.

"Why what is the matter?" I cried in alarm.

My voice seemed to compose her, for she looked toward me, colored slightly, and effected a laugh.

"I have not lost my foolish fear of spiders yet," she said. "I was silly to startle you so. Pray pardon me." And she passed out of the room up stairs.

"It was no spider that so agitated her," I said to Ralph, "if was something in the paper."

Ralph picked up the paper just as she had dropped it. There were the market reports, a few advertisements, and the news items, beside, the political columns.

"I don't see what it could be," Ralph said, "unless it's something in the news column. Let's see. Great fire in New York,—Girl poisons herself in Chicago on account of unrequited love,—Man is drowned in Mississippi river,—Two young men in St. Louis get drunk, one accuses the other's spunk, and the other tells him he'll shoot if he dare to wink, but he winks, and so gets shot; murderer becomes sober immediately, and declares he never thought, and is sorry, and repents, &c.,—Tornado in Iowa,—Man commits suicide in Little Rock. That is all of the news items this week; and I do not see what there is to excite Zillah so there."

"Let me see the paper." I cried, and ran my eye over it, but found only what Ralph had read.

When Zillah came down to the supper table that night, I scarcely knew her. Her eyes sparkled like twin stars, a dash of color was in her cheeks, and the whole expression of her face was changed.

She was gay, too, as the Zillah of old, and astonished us all with her flow of spirits. Cliff Proudfit came that night, and I watched her with much interest. She met him in her old cordial manner, and Cliff's handsome face I thought fairly glowed with surprised pleasure. We spent a merry evening. Zillah played and sang, more than she had in all the time she had been at home before. And instead of the sound of tears, I thought there was a ringing, exultant sound of triumph in her voice. Once in the evening Cliff said, "You are feeling better than usual this evening, Miss Seaton?" and Ralph said, "Yes; Zillah saw a spider this afternoon, and it pleased her so she hasn't got over it yet. I hope she won't." I saw Zillah flush, and pale, and shiver under Ralph's light words.

She was quiet, too, after that, but accompanied Cliff to the door, and they were a long time saying good-night.

From that day Zillah improved, and before two months had passed, she was as bright, as sparkling, as witty, as beautiful, as ever. She had days of gloom, "the blues" she called them, which she never used to have, but in the main she was just the same, only more fascinating if anything. She practised music a great deal, and her voice was really remarkable in its strength and sweetness. Cliff's visits became more frequent, and we all saw how it would end. And we had no objection. Cliff was a model young fellow, and if Zillah must go, she must know she must sometime, we were glad she would be so near us. In December they were formally betrothed, and the marriage was to be the third of April. Zillah crept to my room and showed me her ring, and hid her face in my lap, after she had given Cliff her promise. "I am so happy, and so miserable!" she said.

"Miserable! and why?" I asked in surprise.

"Because of what I have been concealing from you so long. Oh, Rachel, I must tell you. But don't blame me, don't despise me, for heaven knows I have suffered enough for my folly. But *promise* me, Rachel, that you will not reveal what I tell you."

I stroked the soft cheek soothingly. "Whatever you tell me, little sister, I promise you shall never be betrayed. You may trust me."

"I have wanted to tell you ever since I came home," she said, "but for some reason I never could muster the courage until to-night. Now I feel as if could not rest until you knew it. Years the time I went away to school, four years ago last spring, I had an admirer in one of the students of C—— College, only a stone's throw from Madame M——'s Seminary. He was a bold, reckless, strikingly handsome youth, some five years my senior, Gerrit Oakley by name. The first two years I shunned him, and avoided his attentions as much as possible, for somehow there was a look in his bold black eyes that I feared, and I always distrusted him. But he persisted in his attentions, and did me so many favors and was so kind, gentlemanly and obliging in a thousand ways, that I grew to look upon him with more favor. He was a brilliant scholar, too, and every year he grew more strikingly handsome and more dashing in manner. He was just the sort of man to dazzle a silly girl, and half the girls in the seminary were in love with his handsome black eyes and glossy curls. I felt a pride in his attentions at length, and was quite provoked with envious eyes by my mates. He made me protestations of love, and was so impassioned, so persistent, that I entered into an engagement of marriage. That was a few months before I came home last year.

"Immediately upon my return to school, he began to urge me to consent to a secret marriage. He never could be happy, he said, until he knew that I was *his*, and his alone. He wanted to be *sure* of me, and a year was so long to wait. We could be married in vacation, and keep it secret until time appointed for our marriage, when we could be married publicly, and no one need ever know, unless we chose to tell. He was rich, he said, and had a good home to give me, and he meant to make his mark in the world. I would not listen at first, and he became angry, and for a week we scarcely spoke to each other. It made me almost wild with jealous pain when I saw him smiling down upon other girls, and I thought I would risk anything rather than lose him. And the thought of a secret marriage began to be pleasant to me. There was a romance about it that fascinated me. And so when he began to plead again, I consented. I frequently went to visit girl-friends whom I had roomed with, perhaps, and who had left school; and one Friday evening, when I told my mates that I was going to take the train for M——, a little station some twenty miles distant, to spend Saturday and Sunday with Allie Ray, an old friend, I caused no surprise. But at the depot I was joined by Gerrit Oakley, and we went full a hundred miles beyond M——, and were legally and lawfully married by a Methodist clergyman. Saturday we came back to M——, and I spent the Sabbath with Allie Ray, she not dreaming but that I came from the Seminary straight to her home. Monday morning I took an early train back to C——, and when questioned concerning my visit, I could truthfully say I had been with Allie.

"For a few months the romance of the deed, and the novelty of being a bride in secret, and the exultation of knowing that the handsomest student in the college was mine, was all I thought of. Then I began to think how rash I had been.

"Gerrit grew tyrannical, and was unreasonably and absurdly jealous if I even chatted for a moment with any other gentleman in his presence. He was indiscreet in his conduct too, would demand interviews with me at times he knew we were not allowed to receive callers, or to go out, and then would upraid me if I did not go to him. I lived in constant fear that my secret would be exposed. Day by day I discovered new flaws in my idol, and grew at length to dread, instead of long-for his calls. When six months had passed, my eyes were fully opened, and I saw how foolishly reckless my conduct had been, but it was too late. Gerrit was losing favor in the college, too. He was growing reckless and unruly, and impudent to teachers and companions. Some strange demon seemed to have gained possession of him, and I discovered what it was when I went down to meet him in the reception room one evening, and saw him in a shameful stage of intoxication. It was the demon of drink. From that moment I grew to loathe him.

"He woke almost maddened me, and it is no wonder I grew haggard and hollow-eyed. But neither teachers nor room-mates suspected the cause. They called it over-study and I did indeed study hard those weeks, to keep up with my classes. Gerrit was to graduate the same week I did, but for repeated offences against law, order and common decency, he was expelled a month before commencement. He came to me just before leaving. He had been drinking, and was in a half maudlin, half reckless mood.

"'We have both been d—— d fools,' he said, 'and I am as sick of it as you are, Zillah, and I propose that we say quits. I got you into this, and I will let you off without saying a word to anybody if you will me. I will go my way, and you go yours, and we will never molest each other, and it shall be as if we had never met. The man who married us is dead, and the secret shall stay a secret between you and me.'

"I seized upon his suggestion with eagerness, for death itself would have been preferable to life with him. I felt that my life was forever blighted, but it gave me a little relief to think he was willing to go and leave me in peace, and he went. He was true to his word and never lisped it to a soul, and to-day no living being knows or suspects what I have told you save myself. For Gerrit Oakley is dead. I saw his death in the paper that night when I cried out. It was he who was shot in a drunken quarrel at St. Louis. I know I was wicked and sinful to feel so glad over such a death, but oh, Rachel, it was horrible to think I was his lawful wife, and that he might some time claim me. It was just like the nightmare all the time. And now tell me, do you think it is wrong to keep this a secret from Cliff? I *cannot* tell him it seems to me, and he will never know it unless I do, and *need* I tell him?"

My eyes grew dim with tears of compassion as I looked down in the pleading dark eyes and agonized young face.

"The secret is certainly safe," I said, "since the minister and Gerrit are both dead. And since you have kept it so long from Cliff I really should not advise you to tell him now. Had you been going to tell him at all, when he made you a proposal of marriage you should have told the time. Perhaps I am wrong, but I should certainly advise you *not* to tell him now."

Zillah covered my face with kisses.

"Oh, thank you," she cried, "for saying that. My heart is a thousand times lighter, and I am so glad I told you about it."

And still the days went by, and every one brought Zillah's wedding day nearer. She and Cliff seemed as two happy lovers as ever walked in a lover's paradise. It reminded me of the days long gone, when I—but this story is not about me. I knew that Zillah fairly worshipped Cliff with all the ardor of her nature, and he loved her with as pure a passion as man ever felt for woman. Her voice seemed to soar up to the clouds sometimes. I used to wonder when I heard her singing if she went up to heaven in the night and learned her notes from the angels.

The winter melted away, and March came, warm and mellow as May.

Cliff came over one evening—it was the second week in March, a little more than two weeks before the wedding—and he, and Ralph, and I sat by the window, I sewing, the boys chatting, and Zillah was at the piano singing.

"There, I told you I could!" she exclaimed, calling my attention. "I can trill on upper C, a note higher than I could a month ago. Now listen."

We all paused to listen while her clear voice trilled on the high note, with perfect ease, never once flatting. Then Cliff went on with something about the serenade.

"I was down at St. Louis a few days ago, and I ran across an old friend," he said, "a very old, yet a young friend," laughing. "That is, he is young, but it is a long time ago we were friends. You know I was born in Missouri, and lived there until I was ten years old. All those years I had a little playmate, the son of a near neighbor. He was a year or two my senior, but we were fast friends until the day I came away, and we parted the fairest of friends. Then we drifted apart, and very nearly forgot the existence of each other. I know I had not thought of him in ten years, hardly, till the other day, standing in the Post Office at St. Louis, a gentleman came in and asked for his mail, and the name he gave struck a chord of my memory. I started forward and touched him on the arm, telling him who I was, and asking him if he ever knew such a person. He remembered me, and we had a good old chat together. He is a handsome fellow—has I fear, from his face and manner, that he is dissipated. He had one arm in a sling—and when I asked him what was the matter, an ugly frown settled on his face, and he said he got into a little trouble last summer, and it ended in a shooting affray. He had just escaped death, he said, but his arm would never be of much use again. I invited him to come up and visit me, and talk over old times; and he said he would come some time this week. I am looking for him quite anxiously, for I believe I never have had such jolly times since I grew up, with any man, as I had in those old days with Gerrit Oakley."

There was a break in the voice at the piano, a sudden pause in the trill, a gurgling sound in Zillah's throat, and I turned just in time to throw out my arm and save her from falling.

"She has been singing all the afternoon," I said, as they gathered round her wonderingly, "and she has overtaxed her strength. Bring me some water, Ralph, and then leave me alone with her. It is only a fainting spell, and she will soon recover."

Cliff waited until she unclosed her eyes, and drew a long breath, and then went away. He came over in the morning to ask for her, but I told him she was not feeling well enough to see any one yet, though she was not seriously ill, but I thought she had better be kept quiet a day or two, and he went away relieved, but not satisfied.

Zillah's grief and despair were awful. I could say nothing to comfort her, and I feared it would end in brain fever. She would not see Cliff, and yet she would stand up declaring she *must* see him and tell him all. And then she would cover her face again, and sob and moan, saying she *could not* tell him, and she could not give him up, and wishing she could die. She was almost crazed myself, and my brain was in a complete whirl. The boys and father were worried about her keeping her room, but I would not let them see her, pacifying them by saying all she needed was quiet and rest, as her nervous system was greatly disordered. But I think if it had lasted more than three days we should both have been insane.

The evening of the third day Cliff called again. I noticed that he was looking unusually grave, and after asking for Zillah he said, "I have had a sad duty to perform to-day, Rachel. This morning I received a telegram from the friend I told you I was expecting—Gerrit Oakley—saying he should arrive on the four P. M. train. I went down to the depot a few minutes before car time, and as the train came rushing in, I saw Gerrit's face at the car window. He nodded gayly, disappeared for a second, and then came out of the door, and attempted to leap down where I stood while the train was still in rapid motion. He might have done it safely, though it is a dangerous proceeding at any time, but the platform was wet with a light rain that had fallen, and he, I think, had been drinking deeply; at any rate his foot slipped, and he fell between the cars, and was instantly killed, and mangled horribly. I have had his remains placed in a coffin, and am going to start on the midnight train, and attend them to St. Louis. His sister is living there, and I want to break the sad news as gently as possible. I shall be back in a few days; of course remaining until after the funeral. Please give my tenderest love to Zillah, and tell her nothing but urgent necessity would induce me to go away while she is so unwell, and I shall hasten back as soon as possible."

My heart was so full that I could scarcely speak. I wondered what Cliff would think if he knew the secret which made him so sad would be the most joyful tidings I could impart to Zillah, that this shocking accident which for a little time would sadden him, had saved him from a terrible and life-long sorrow. Truly it seemed to me the hand of Providence was in it.

Zillah wept herself exhausted, and then fell into a quiet sleep that night, the first real slumber she had enjoyed for many long hours. She was quite restored to health again when Cliff returned, three days later, and there never was a fairer or sweeter bride than she when she gave her hand to Cliff Proudfit at the appointed time.

Cliff never knew how near he came to losing her. What good could it do to tell him? It certainly was not a pleasant history

for any young husband or betrothed to hear, and we knew the secret was safe between us two. Perhaps it was not right, but Guy knows she had suffered enough for her school girl folly, and I was always glad when I saw how happy she and Cliff were that he did not know.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SEPT. 26th.—The case of Mrs. Wharton, the alleged poisoner, came up for trial in the Criminal Court at Baltimore yesterday. A letter was handed to the Judge signed by her physician and the physician of the jail, saying that she was in such a state of debility that it would be dangerous for her to appear before the Court, and recommended that a short time be allowed her for recuperation. The Judge postponed the case.

The people of Monticello, Arkansas, are greatly excited over a report of the discovery of a gold mine, four miles west of that town. Two similar reports come from Dallas, Polk county.

Samuel M. Carpenter, a gifted, and well-known young journalist, died at St. Paul, Minnesota, on Saturday last, of consumption, in the thirty-first year of his age.

Professor Agassiz denies that he predicted a tidal wave would occur along the Gulf coast in October.

Yellow fever seems to be lingering in various parts of the South, and hence our health officers should not relax their care and watchfulness.

The National Commercial Convention met at Baltimore yesterday. John W. Garrett, Esq., presided, and made an eloquent address of welcome to the delegates. Addresses were also made by Mayor Banks and Hon. William Pinckney White. A permanent organization was effected, with R. M. Bishop, of Cincinnati, as President. Among the subjects proposed for discussion at this convention are railroad and water communication, the finances, education, reciprocal trade with South America, the proper disposition of the public lands, the Mississippi levees, civil service reform, direct trade between the Southern seaports and Europe, abolition of licenses on commercial travellers, the refunding of the cotton tax, abolition of forced state inspections, the Chesapeake and Delaware ship canal, foreign immigration, etc., etc.

A despatch from St. John, N. B., says the negotiations for a race between the Paris and Tyne crews have failed, the Tyne crew having backed out.

The Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, the leader of the Canadian insurrection of 1837, died at his residence at Monticello on Sunday last at the age of eighty-three.

SEPT. 27th.—Official returns of the election in New Mexico give Gallegos, Democrat, 7,670 votes; Chaves, Republican, 7,385; Sema, Independent, 2,534. The Senate stands, Democrats 6, Republicans 5, Independents 2; the House, Democrats 11, Republicans 11, Independents 4.

The reduced rates of postage to Germany —6 cents on prepaid letters direct, and 7 cents by way of England—will go into effect on the 1st of October. The interchange of postal money orders with Great Britain, for amounts not exceeding $50 or £10 sterling, will commence on October 2d.

A Salt Lake despatch reports that a number of Gentiles have sent away their families, in anticipation of difficulties between the Mormons and the United States authorities. Their apprehensions are based on the action of the Grand Jury against Brigham Young, and other dignitaries. "Well informed persons," however, are said to consider any overt act by the Mormons not at all probable.

SEPT. 28th.—The Massachusetts Republican State Convention assembled yesterday at Worcester, to nominate a candidate for Governor. The contest narrowed itself down to Washburn and Butler, the former receiving the nomination, the vote standing 643 to 464.

Henry Sanderson, the pianist, died in New York, yesterday, aged 34.

Later news from the fire raging along the coast of Lake Michigan, between Manitowoc and Annapee, states that the flames are lapping up everything, and sweeping houses, barns, stores, &c., in their course.

John Quincy Adams has written a letter accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

Salt Lake city was excited yesterday by a report that Brigham Young was arrested. The report was unfounded, but his arrest is looked for, and it is stated that he will offer no opposition to it, but meet the charges against him "as a law-abiding citizen."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—Gladstone arrived at Aberdeen to-day, and was presented with the freedom of the city in presence of 3,000 persons. He made a speech in response, thanking the people for the welcome given him, and declared that he still looked onward and upward, and spurned all base motives. The Government found the Irish question difficult, but hoped to solve it.

Disraeli, at a banquet at Hughenden, proposed the toast of the Queen, and accompanied it with a fervent eulogy of Her Majesty. Her duties, he said, were excessive, and no Englishman had such complete control of the political traditions of the country as its sovereign.

The Russian squadron escorting the Grand Duke Alexis, sailed from Falmouth for New York at 2 P. M. to-day.

A despatch from Calcutta, announces the wreck of a steamer on the coast of India, and that one hundred and thirty-eight natives lost their lives.

LONDON, Sept. 27.—Shipments of specie upon an enormous scale continue to be made by nearly every steamer leaving the English ports for the United States.

Subscriptions of £1,000 have been raised in London for the sufferers by the hurricane and earthquake in the Island of Antigua. The Princess of Wales returned to England today from the Continent.

The health of Queen Victoria has not improved. Mr. Gladstone is paying her a visit at Balmoral.

LONDON, Sept. 28.—The Home Secretary, in a speech to his constituents last evening, advocated the most cordial friendly relations with the United States, and said there was now a fair prospect of a settlement of all questions in dispute between the two countries.

Heavy gales prevailed last night and this morning upon the British coasts, and it is feared that many vessels have been wrecked.

The brig Manly was wrecked to-day on Drogheda bar, the plan might of life boatmen, who refused to go to her assistance during the prevelence of the gale. Six men were carried off the hulk by the surf and drowned. A lady put off from shore in a small boat, and at the risk of her own life, saved that of one man on board the doomed vessel.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 25.—Marshal McMahon has been heard before the Committee of Investigation on the conduct of the late war. The Marshal is reported to have said that he assumed the sole responsibility for the disastrous results of his march from Chalons to Sedan. He declared that he did not act by the orders of the Emperor Napoleon, who exercised no influence whatever upon his resolution. The plan adopted by him (the Marshal,) which was opposed to that of the concentration of the army under the walls of Paris, he said ought not to be absolutely condemned, as it had equal chances of success. But two days had been lost, because the troops were too fatigued to continue their march, and because he was ignorant of the movements of the other commanders-in-chief, which was the principal cause of the disaster. This declaration has produced a profound sensation, and the Bonapartist journals express great joy over it.

A special despatch from Versailles to the London Standard says that President Thiers is disturbed by fears as to the safety of his life, and his bedchamber is guarded at night by patrols. The Standard despatch also says that President Thiers is ready to pay immediately the fourth half milliard of the German indemnity.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs announces that the French Government will afford ample protection to the German residents of Lyons.

The disarmament of the rebels in Algeria meets with obstacles. The tribes surrender all the bad arms, but keep the good ones. The French soldiers have burned several more villages belonging to the tribe which still holds out.

PARIS, Sept. 26.—The evacuation by the German troops of the four Departments contiguous to Paris is now completed. It is known, however, that the German soldiers returning to their homes have halted beyond the borders of those Departments, and are waiting the announcement that the signatures have been affixed to the Alsace Treaty.

M. Rochefort has petitioned the Government for a commutation of his sentence. He is quite ill from a nervous complaint.

It is reported that correspondence has been discovered in the Tuileries developing a plan to put Napoleon on the throne of Belgium. The discovery occasions a sensation in Belgium.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, Sept. 27.—Prince Bismarck will remain in Berlin until the opening of the German Reichstag, on the 16th of October.

The cholera is abating in Germany.

There was quite a severe snow storm last week at Gumbinnen, in East Prussia.

MUNICH, Sept. 28.—The Kingdom of Bavaria is about to recall its Ambassadors to foreign States, and will in future be represented only as a portion of the German Empire.

BERLIN, Sept. 28.—A Protestant League is in course of formation throughout Germany. The object of which is the expulsion of the Jesuits from the country.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, Sept. 27.—A rumor is current that the Emperor Francis Joseph is seriously disposed to abdicate. The cause assigned is deposition on his conscious unfitness for the constitutional crisis which threatens a dissolution of the Austrian Empire.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Bodies of armed men assemble nightly at Salt Lake. From their white trowsers they are supposed to be Mormon militia in drilling.

M. Thiers is said to have decided that when the Vendome column is replaced, it shall again be surmounted by the statue of Napoleon I, in his familiar cocked hat and gray coat.

Thirty miles of the Great Northern Railroad, in Texas, has been completed, and is accepted by the State Engineer. It is pronounced in splendid condition.

SUPERSTITION.—Two women applied at the Morgue in Philadelphia for permission to apply the hand of a drowned man to the throat of one of them, who was suffering from a gathering there. She had heard it was a certain cure, but was gratified in being permitted to make the experiment.

The wheat crop of France is short, which is an interesting item of information for our farmers.

One J. L. Smith, arrested the other day in New Orleans on a charge of having committed a murder at Carrollton, Georgia, fifteen years ago, said he had had a number of unpleasant difficulties in his life, but that he would not remember whether he had killed a man at that place at that time. If the police would give him a few days for reflection, he added that he would try to refresh his memory, and report accordingly.

The Great Tunnel through Mont Cenis was grandly celebrated on Italian territory on Wednesday last. The French and Italians fraternized warmly. There appears to be no difficulty in the world to pass through the seven miles of tunnel on account of the impurity of the atmosphere. An Englishman who passed through it, says it only took thirty-eight minutes, that the rails were level, the work admirably done and the air excellent. Travel through it has now regularly commenced.

BASE BALL NEWS, &c.

ATHLETIC VS. ECKFORDS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 25.—A match game of base ball was played this afternoon, at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, between the Athletics, of this city, and the Eckfords, of Brooklyn, the latter club being victorious. The game, at its close, stood 8 for the Athletics and 9 for the Eckfords.

MUTUALS VS. OLYMPICS.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 25.—The Mutuals, of New York, defeated, to-day, the Olympics, of Washington, by a score of 16 to 1, on the Union Grounds.

WEST STOCKINGS VS. ROCKFORD.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—At Rockford, to-day, the Forest City, of Rockford, beat the White Stockings, of Chicago. Score, 17 to 2.

BOSTON VS. CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 27.—The Red Stockings, of Boston, beat the Forest City, of Cleveland, in a game of base ball to-day by 9 to 7.

HAYMAKERS VS. OLYMPICS.

TROY, Sept. 27.—The Haymakers, of Troy, defeated the Olympics, of Washington, to-day, in seven innings, by a score of 16 to 7.

ECKFORDS VS. UTICA.—A SCORE OF 28 TO 6.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 28.—A game of base ball between the Eckfords, of Brooklyn, and the Utica Club was played here to-day in a drizzling rain, the Eckfords won the game by a score of 28 to 6.

PEDESTRIANISM.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 28.—Weston, the so-called champion pedestrian, broke down in his attempt to walk 115 miles in twenty-four hours. After the conclusion of the eighteenth mile, and several additional circuits, he was entirely overcome by sleep, so that it was impossible to arouse him. It is announced that he will make another trial, beginning to-morrow afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

☞ A DARING HUNTER.—Louis Kelley is, perhaps, the most daring and successful Indian hunter in the great West. He travels alone, fights alone, wears a complete suit of buckskin, and wears a turban around his head when out on the prairie. He is said to be a graduate of a college, and hails from Virginia or South Carolina. He is about twenty-two years of age, handsome, well formed and muscular. The Indians dread him as much as they ever did Kit Carson or Daniel Boone. He never misses his mark. An Indian is as good as dead the moment he draws sight on him. He will travel weeks at a time through hostile Indians and never express a thought of danger. Kelley is now on a trip to the head waters of the Yellowstone, a country never yet visited by any white man. He is alone. He has been known to dare a dozen Indians on the open prairie to fight him in a body. No Indian will ever get within reach of his deadly rifle.

☞ A BRONZE automaton at Venice recently knocked out a curious traveller's brains with a hammer. The traveller got his head between the hammer and the bell just as the autometon struck the hour.

☞ Two scavengers were quarreling as to their respective working abilities, when one, meaning to silence his mate, said: "Well, Bill, you can sweep the middle of the street, but you can't do an ornamental piece of work, like sweeping round a lamp-post."

☞ A horse in Minnesota committed suicide by hanging.

☞ The mortality from snake poisoning in Hindoostan is estimated to be 20,000 annually.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year:
The Winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the mourning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His love voice speaks within—
The guidance of immortal love
Outwearing mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her morning break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air,
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May ground in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down through shades of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

—*Atlantic Monthly for October.*

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

Two Sides of the Same Story.

HIS SIDE.

A telegram, announcing the serious illness of my only sister, had shortened my hardly-earned holiday. Though I started from the North immediately by the night mail, London would not be reached before the next morning. With the prospect of a long and cold journey, I provided plenty of rugs and furs, and rolling myself up warmly in them, hoped to be able to allay my anxiety in sleep.

It was a bitter night in the beginning of December. Snow had been falling slightly during the day, and the country through which we hurried looked bleak and dismal. Spite of the weather, there appeared to be a good many passengers, and I was just congratulating myself in having secured an empty carriage, when, at a small country station, to my great disgust, the door was opened and a lady got in. Before I could remonstrate the door was shut, and the train again on the move.

"Confound that guard!" I mentally ejaculated; "what a lot of cold the fellow has let in!" and I proceeded to wrap my tiger-skin more tightly round me. In doing so, however, I found the unwelcome intruder had her feet on one end of it. The girl, for so I judged her to be from the slightness of her figure, moved instantly, and I caught a glimpse of her face. It was enough! The utter wretchedness, pallor, and woebegone look arrested my hand; and noticing that she had only a small bag with her, instead of taking care of myself, I begged her to accept the loan of my rug, remarking at the same time that it was "a frightfully cold night for travelling." The girl looked up, and smiling her thanks accepted my offer, but sank again into a dejected attitude into her corner of the carriage.

Somehow I could not settle to sleep. In vain I shut my eyes; some strange attraction caused me to open them, and look towards my companion. She was now leaning forward, gazing into the darkness with an anxious, questioning look upon her face—a look as though she were striving to see into futurity—painful to behold in one so young.

Seen in the dim light given by the lamp, I judged her to be about twenty years of age, a refined, fragile-looking girl, far too delicate to be abroad alone such a night. From her face my glance descended to her dress, which was handsome, and in very good taste; she had taken off her gloves, and her small, well formed hands were clasped tightly together on her lap. That she was labouring under some deep distress or anxiety of mind there could be no doubt.

Was it not strange for so young and pretty a girl to be travelling alone at such an hour? I had looked at my watch when she got into the carriage, and it marked midnight. No one had accompanied her to the door, not even a servant! Who was she? Where could she be going? Would she be met? Losing myself in these conjectures, I fell asleep.

The first cold gray rays of dawn were struggling into the carriage when I awoke, making the chilly air still more chill. I glanced at my companion; she looked positively death-like, but as wide awake as ever. As we were close to London, I began to prepare my things for leaving the train. The girl shivered at my tiger-skin, and I thanked me for it in a low voice. I made a few observations on the wretchedness of being obliged to travel all night, to which she barely responded. As I wanted to find out some thing about her, I went on talking; I told her I was hurrying home to my sister's sick bed, but concluded with,

"It will be too early, however, to knock them up when we reach town; so I shall go first and get some breakfast at a coffee-house where I am known, which is sure to be open.

"Is it a place a lady can go to?" to my surprise asked my companion: "because, if so, I shall be very glad of some coffee before I continue my journey."

"If you will permit me, I shall be very happy to take you there," I answered, "and also see after your luggage, as you are not going to be met."

"Thank you," she replied, while a vivid blush crossed her pale face; "but I have only this bag with me."

On reaching London I transferred my traps into a cab, and we started together in search of breakfast. Very soon we were comfortably located beside a blazing fire with steaming hot coffee and eatables before us. My companion ate but little, and spoke still less.

"How pretty she is," I thought, "and how entirely the lady! Still there is something se

strange about the whole affair, that I will make a mental note of everything about her —hazel eyes and hair; arched eyebrows, well-defined; large nose; pretty mouth; beautiful teeth; oval face." But I felt all the time that without thus minutely examining each feature, her face was indelibly impressed on my mind; I was not likely soon to forget either the face or the girl.

Being very anxious for news of my sister, directly our meal was finished I paid my bill —the girl would not hear of my paying her share—and ordered the waiter to call a hansom.

"Please, a cab for me at the same time," said she.

"Now," I thought, "she will be obliged to give an address, and I shall know where she is going."

Placing her in the cab, and shutting the door, I said "Where shall I tell the driver to take you?"

A suddenly frightened look, a blush and catching of the breath, a moment's hesitation, and then "Temple-bar" was the order given. I marvelled, but gave the direction, took off my hat, and the cab drove off. "Very mysterious," I thought. However, there was no time for indulging in vain speculation, home I must hasten. My sister I found very ill, though all danger was over; but what with the necessary attention to her, and a great press of business of my own, I ceased to think further of my strange travelling companion.

Four days after, however, my eye was suddenly arrested by the following advertisement in the "sensation" column of the Times: "Left her home, on the evening of the 1st of December, a young lady. Middle height and delicate-looking; brown hair and eyes, marked eyebrows, oval face. Dressed, when last seen, in a maroon rep dress, trimmed with velvet and fringe. Is supposed to have with her a hand-bag, with initials, in gold on it of "B. B." Any person giving information as to her whereabouts, or any information whatever, shall be handsomely rewarded. Apply, L. B., Post-office, Stoneham."

I rubbed my eyes. Did I see clearly? Was I dreaming? No; there was the exact description of my travelling companion—date and description coincided. Then there was some mystery connected with the girl, after all. I thought so.

Five minutes' reflection, and I was writing to "L. B.," giving a full account of my journey to town. The letter despatched, I waited with what patience I could for the next move in the play.

Just as I had finished dinner the next evening, and was feeling somewhat lonely, not having my sister to talk to, as had ever been the case since we were old cronies together as boys, the servant entered, saying a gentleman was in the library, who desired to see me, if possible instantly, on very important business. The card sent in bore the name of "Colonel Byng."

"Now for the solution of the mystery!" I thought, as, quickly following the servant, I found myself in the presence of a tall military-looking man, who came forward to meet me in great agitation, and as I offered my hand, broke out with,

"Tell me where to find my daughter, for God's sake?"

Quickly I related the circumstances of our journey; and as I ended the story, the poor father dropped his head on his breast, murmuring, "All my fault, *my* fault. I was too harsh with the poor child, I know it now, too late. And yet I believed I was acting for the best. Sir"—turning to me—"I thank you heartily for easing my mind so far. You say you are a lawyer. I pray you unite your efforts with mine; help me to find my child."

We sat late into the night, arranging plans for the following day. I prevailed upon Colonel Byng to take up his quarters at my house, that he might be on the spot to compare notes; besides, the poor man was in such a distracted state, it was not fit for him to be in an hotel alone.

Though every available means of the detective force, advertisements, &c. were used, our search proved fruitless. The unhappy father at last, worn out with anxiety, trouble, and self-upbraidings, had to return to his home, his affairs there urgently requiring his presence. His parting words to me were—

"Leave no stone unturned; spare no expense; find Beatrice. I feel my actions have murdered my child."

Left to myself, I redoubled my efforts, but was baffled at every turn. I tremblingly asked myself, "Could it be true? was she no more? That face, so sweet, so pure—that face, which I now felt was my fate—was I never to see again?" The thought was maddening. "Leave no stone unturned;" no, there could never again be rest for me until I had found her.

HER SIDE.

Things came to a climax for me that evening. How vividly I remember each particular!

The long, low drawing-room, dimly lit by the lamp placed on a small table by the fire, near which sat my step-mother, toying with some bright-colored wools, and talking merrily to the disagreeable cynical-looking man at the opposite side of the hearth; while I, at a distant table, pretended to be reading, though all the while my father's parting words kept repeating themselves over and over again in my mind, and dancing before me on the page I in vain tried to read.

"You must accept Mr. Lomax before my return at the end of the week, Beatrice. There must and shall be no farther delay, else you will remain no longer in my house."

Those were the fatal words that would give me no rest. I looked across at Mr. Lomax. Accept *him*? be *his* wife? belong to *him*? the wife of a man three times my own age? a man of a morose, gloomy temper, whom I instinctively feared as well as hated; whose touch I shuddered at; whose glance seemed to blight me? Because he was rich and a peer, was I therefore to sacrifice my young life? *Never*, come what might!

"Mr. Lomax wishes you to sing, Beatrice," came from the distance my step-mother's silvery insincere voice. Seeing that I hesitated, she crossed quickly over and hissed in my ear—"Come, no nonsense; do as you are bid instantly, or you go to your room."

Without more ado I went to the piano, found a song that I remembered he particularly disliked, and sung it—badly.

"Really, Beatrice, I cannot congratulate you either on your song or your voice," said Mrs. Byng, for once forgetting her *rôle* of amiability. "Pray sing something that will give us some little pleasure to listen to."

Mr. Lomax here joined in:

"Yes, Miss Byng, you seem to forget that the last time you sang that song, *I* expressed *my* dislike to it."

"So," thought I, "before even I have agreed to marry you, you dare censure me! I wonder what it will be after!"

However, I took a piece and played it through. Just as it was finished, I found Mr. Lomax at my elbow.

"Cruel Beatrice, not to sing," he murmured; and suddenly encircling me with his arm, kissed me two or three times.

I struggled madly to free myself; jumped up and rushed out of the door; not, however, until I had heard Mrs. Byng's voice saying, soothingly,

"Don't be dismayed, Mr. Lomax; the dear girl will come round in a day or two—I will answer for it."

"Come round! *She* would answer for it!" Half-crazed, I fled up the stairs, rushed to my room, and locked the door; then I plunged my face into a basinful of water, to wash away, if possible, every trace of those hated kisses. Yes, he had certainly made a masterly stroke then—he had made me realise how utterly I hated him, and how impossible it was that I could ever marry him. I felt scorched, polluted, by his touch.

And my father had said by his return it was to be a settled thing. Mrs. Byng, of course, had forced him to say that; *she* wanted me gone, that her child might reign supreme. Why, not content with forcing this hated marriage upon me, she had even, that very day, heaped other indignities on me; I had had to do servant's work. Oh, what was I to do? My father had said I should not remain with him. Then I must marry Mr. Lomax? No—never! Rather would I beg.

Lightning-like, a thought flashed through my mind. Was it possible? I had restlessly been pacing the room; I now stood still. I put my hand to my head to still its throbbings. Yes, I would do it; I would save them from all farther trouble. I would disappear. Again I bathed my face, but this time to clear my brain. I looked at my watch—eight o'clock. I remembered suddenly that the London mail stopped at a station where we were hardly known, about three miles distant, at midnight; plenty of time to catch it.

My resolution was taken. I had five pounds in my dressing-case, given me only a few days previously for allowance. I took it out and began my arrangements. First I packed up a small hand-bag, into which I also put several of my best ornaments; and then I got myself ready for the walk.

The sounds in the house gradually ceased. I heard Mr. Lomax go. I heard my step-mother go to her room, and the usual locking-up take place; and then all was quiet. Half an hour elapsed.

"Now, or never," I thought; and carefully unfastening my door, I crept downstairs, went into the dining-room and took a glass of wine, and putting into my pocket some biscuits left on the table, I noiselessly opened the French window, and stepped out on the terrace.

"Free!" As lightly as possible I glided, more than walked, past the front of the house, without deigning one farewell glance at the place that, until Mrs. Byng's advent, had been a happy home to me, but that lately had been worse than a prison; and with a sigh of relief found myself beyond the gates, with the long stretch of road before me.

How solitary it looked! Hitherto I had acted in a sort of maze; but the cold night-air, in reviving, also brought me back to the present moment. Should I ever be able to walk those dreadful three miles alone? Looking behind suddenly, I saw afar the light glimmering from Mrs. Byng's window: that decided my fate. I ran swiftly on.

Snow was lying on the ground; every bush and twig stood sharply out against the sky clearly defined. As I passed under a belt of fir-trees, the slight noise of my own footsteps startled me; and I glanced behind, to be seized with fear at my own shadow. Turning the corner of the road, a dark moving thing came towards me. What *could* it be? My feet seemed rooted to the ground, else I must have turned and fled backwards. However, as it came nearer, it proved to be only a horse with a clog on its leg. Taking courage, I rushed past it, and, leaving the road, crossed two fields, and began to skirt the river, that being a short cut to the station.

How dark and cold it looked as it glided on! But yet it fascinated me, and I stopped to gaze at it for a moment. What evil spirit was it that possessed me that caused me to feel a shudder I sprang quickly forward, and ran on my way afresh, nor did I slacken speed until the station lights came in view. Not one human being had met me; so far I might hope that I had gained my liberty.

Putting on a thick veil, I entered and took my ticket for London—only just in time, for the train came up the next minute. How thankful was I to be even in *such* a haven of refuge! Sinking back into the first seat, I found I was not alone, a gentleman sat on the opposite side of the carriage; we had not gone far when he offered me his rug, which I gladly accepted, for it was dreadfully cold, and then he seemed to sleep.

During that long night I underwent a fiery ordeal of doubt and fear. No sleep visited my eyes, my future plans had to be made; but chaos reigned supreme in my mind, and every question seemed to be whether, after all, I had acted rightly would prove true. Would the shock harm my father, who, until Mrs. Byng entered the house, had invariably been kind to me? But no! He had been so harsh lately because I had declared I could not do as he wished with respect to Mr. Lomax. The net had gradually closed around me; each day for the last two months I had in vain pleaded to be left free—to had tightened each day, Mrs. Byng keeping him up to the mark—he had declared I should agree to this marriage, or leave *his* house. Well, the bird had got free a little sooner than they expected, that was all! Free! But whither next?

At last that night, as every other time good or evil must, came to an end. As soon as it was light my companion began to prepare for leaving the train; I looked at his face; it was good and kind—should I confide in him and beg his help? No; henceforth it was for me to act alone—my rash step had forfeited the woman's prerogative of being taken care of; already punishment came in that thought! However, I plucked up courage to ask him to take me to some place for breakfast; and then, when in a cab after he had bidden me adieu, I felt as though my one remaining friend was gone; there had been a sense of protection even in his presence. Again I was alone.

The need of action, however, recalled me to myself. After driving a short distance towards Temple-bar, I ordered the cabman to take me again north; and reaching a part of London I knew, from having been near at school, I got out and paid the man, and then taking my bag in my hand sought for some quiet, inexpensive lodging. Finally, after a weary walk, I succeeded in getting a cheap bedroom in a respectable street; after ordering some necessary things, I sat down to consider the next step to take. Certainly, a suitable change of dress; I would go and buy new things at once. Then I went to a servants' registry-office and put my name down for a lady's-maid place. My money would not hold out long; thus I might gain an honest livelihood, I thought in my inexperience. Surely in the vortex of London one's identity could be lost.

That night sleep came, and the whole of the next day illness kept me prisoner. It was the reaction; the mind, though still steadfast and firm, could not altogether master the body, which was weak and tender. At last, shaken and feeble, I succeeded in dressing. Horror of horrors! on counting my small stock of money, I found it would be barely sufficient to pay the expenses of the past day. Hastily I put on my bonnet and started in search of a situation, as Beatrice Byng! A fist was given me, but at each house where I applied the place had just been filled up. Having parted with some of my jewels, I continued my search for a situation, and at the end of a few weeks was sent to see a lady who was looking out for a maid for her daughters. How odd it felt to be shown into her presence as a servant! I knew I behaved strangely, illness had made me nervous; after putting a few general questions, the lady asked for my character.

"I have not lived out before," I answered.

"Then, at all events, young woman, you can give me some reference?"

"No, ma'am," I said; "I can only ask you to try me without any one speaking for me; I will do my utmost to please you."

"Really, this is most abominable of Mrs. Rogers sending me a person without any character; pray go instantly. I never have anything to do with such as you."

A burning blush overspread my face and I withdrew; how I got out of the house, I know not. That was the last situation I would seek! Utterly hopeless, and worn out in mind and body, I walked up and down the terraces and squares, dreading to go back to my lonely room, though fearing to be seen and recognized even now. One thought alone brought comfort: far better this life even than that of the betrothed of Mr. Lomax!

It seemed to my excited imagination that people put their heads out of their carriages to look after me; I wondered to myself if I looked as strange and unreal as I felt. Walking along, I caught glimpses of comfortable kitchens, bright fires, and groups of merry servants. It was just dusk. At one house a carriage-load of children was being put down—one young mother even came to the door to meet her child—there was a joyous greeting and much laughter. How the voices thrilled through me! So had I once been. And now, a fugitive and almost starving I crept along. How good the smell of that dinner being cooked! (I had tasted nothing that day.) A peal of bells struck my ear. Christmas-eve! So it was. Choking back my tears I hastened on: no Christmas greetings for me—no kiss, no presents, no joy. No one to take any care whether I lived or died.

With these thoughts I crept back to my lodging; they came and told me even there that they were going out to a family gathering.

"Very well," I responded, "only let me be."

The landlady looked at me sorrowfully, and saying I had best go to bed and get warm—I had no fire—and that she would send me up some tea, left me to my own sad thoughts.

Bitter tears came to my aid, my brain else had been crazed; repentance for my rash step began to make itself felt; conscience whispered that I had not considered sufficiently its possible effect upon others. After all, was not the punishment merited? But then the alternative—marriage with a man I despised as well as hated! Ah, well! Welcome death before that!

The Christmas bells rang all that evening and far into the night. I sank into a sort of trance; cold and hunger alike were forgotten. I saw a well-lit room, warmth and plenty prevailed, merry childish figures ran about, my father sat at the head of a well-covered table, round him were many bright faces; a little girl dressed to represent Christmas danced up to him, he took her up in his arms and kissed her brow. . . . It was myself. . . . I fell asleep. . . . and awoke.

Where was I? Was it really me lying there all alone with the cold moonlight resting on my forehead? Was I still dreaming? I sat up and gave a shuddering glance round. Ah yes? This was all real, and I had run away from home, so I had. It seemed a long time ago—years almost. How cold and ill I felt! Surely I was not going to die there, in that room all alone? I screamed aloud—there was no answer—no one heeded the lonely lodger. I put my clasped hands above my head and prayed for continuance of help in my extremity. Then my thoughts wandered again to death: perhaps I should be found there in the morning lying cold and stiff; they would shake their heads and murmur, "Poor young thing!" The landlady would find a directed envelope in my pocket, and then my father would come up and identify me. I should be put in my coffin carefully and buried in some London cemetery amongst strangers far away from any one who had ever loved me. My father would repent then his harshness—perchance weep—too late. He would look at me, all so still and white, and know it was his doing that I lay there. How sad it would be to see one so young dead! Would my face change much, I wondered? They would let my long hair down on the pillow, and perhaps strew a few flowers over me; caring for me too late—too late! Mrs. Byng then would grieve, and Mr. Lomax also. But where should *I* be, the *I* that lay there?

Sleep came at last, full of troubled dreams, but blessed, as it brought forgetfulness of the present. Christmas morning, in trying to rise, I fainted; so had to remain where I was. They brought me food out of pity; the woman of the house sat by my bedside, and begged to be allowed to write to my friends.

"There must be some one who cares for you, poor child," she said.

"No one," I sadly answered; "only let me alone."

The next day she again stood at the bottom of my bed; her husband wanted his rent; he refused even to get bread until he was paid; she could not change his resolution. Payment, or else I was to be turned into the street, ill or well.

"You shall have your money, and I will quit the room to-day," I said. I emptied the contents of my purse into her willing hands. There was only just enough—not a penny over—and all my ornaments I had already pawned. What to do next, alas, I knew not.

Despair gave momentary strength. I rose and dressed. One look at the glass before I left, no one would recognize Beatrice Byng now—no farther fear of that. Sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, white lips. The old bright Beatrice Byng, then, was really already dead: it was merely her spirit or ghost that moved along now!

Mechanically I took up my bag, and passed out of the house homeless and friendless.

Wandering aimlessly up and down some quiet terrace near, I felt my little strength was going; money for food must be had somehow. A lamp-post before a well-lit house attracted my attention; surely I might lean against it—no one would say me "nay" there. A sudden impulse, a quick resolve and I broke out with a hymn I loved. "While shepherds watched their flocks." It was as though an angel sang within me, the voice was so pure and clear. The door of the house opened; some one came to my side; money was held out. I looked up, and saw dimly through a film of tears a gentleman. "Miss Byng!" was all he said, and I lost consciousness.

* * * * *

HIS SIDE.

She fell into these arms. After all, it decreed that I should find her. I carried into my house, my sister, who was now well, helping me. We laid her in our guest chamber. Many days and nights death and love fought together; but love gained the mastery; my darling was restored to health. Day by day she grew to know I loved her; day by day her heart became mine, in the sweet spring-time, when fruit bloomed and the violet gave out its perfume were married.

Colonel Byng gave his daughter away. Mrs. Byng never even sent a message, and it hard to forgive her; but Beatrice whispers, "If it had not been for I should never have met."

☞ No process is so fatal as that would cast all men into one mould. human being is intended to have a cl of his own, to be what no other i what no other can.

☞ The young men at the waterin have discarded white vests. The ladies use so much of their hai vest is only good for evening piazza.

☞ One of a span Miss, having fallen its neck, the other guard over its dead

THE MANAGER'S MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

The curtains were down, and the drawing-room at Alton Manor, dusky even in the noon brightness, was in semi-darkness. At the piano sat Bessie Alton. She was playing a soft, wailing Italian air, which had been her mother's favorite. Only a short month ago that dear mother's sweet voice had mingled with hers in singing it, but now those tones were heard no more on earth—their owner was singing a more exalted chant, as Bessie trusted. The hot tears fell on her black dress, and the music died away.

"Mr. Hardston wishes to see Miss Alton in the library," announced a servant.

Bessie arose, and crossing the wide hall, entered the designated apartment. Ross Hardston was Bessie's uncle and guardian. He was a cold, unscrupulous man, whose love for any one, if he ever felt any, was covered by such a thick surface of ice that it never appeared.

He was seated at a table which was covered by a mass of parchments and papers.

"Take a chair," he said, as his ward made her appearance.

"You sent for me, sir?" she began.

"Yes, Elizabeth, I have to make known to you an important discovery. It is just three weeks since, hearing that my sister was dying, I came to Alton. From the time of her death up to this moment, I have shut up myself in this room, spending the time in searching through the pile of papers you see on the table there. My industry has been rewarded; I have found another will."

He paused, examining the girl's countenance furtively with his fishy eyes.

"Well, go on," she said.

"Yes, Elizabeth; I have found a paper which annuls the will in which my sister made me your guardian, and left the greater part of her wealth to you."

Bessie smiled incredulously.

"You are surely dreaming, sir."

"This proves that I am not dreaming," and he gave her a paper.

She read that her mother bequeathed the estate of Alton Manor and all her late husband's property to her beloved brother, Ross Hardston. "Elizabeth Alton" was signed to this document. Bessie soon finished perusing it. Her uncle had closely watched her while she read it. Astonishment kept her silent for a moment. Then the blood rushed to her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled.

"Uncle Ross, do you think to deceive me? My dear mother never signed her name to this paper!"

"Her handwriting is there," he said, coolly, "you can see it plainly; and there, also, are the names of the witnesses."

These names belonged to the cook and butler—servants who had been taken into the family upon Ross Hardston's recommendation.

Bessie contemptuously threw the will on the table, repeating:

"My mother never signed this paper."

An angry light, like the dim glow of a half-extinguished coal, began to burn in Ross Hardston's eyes.

"Mr. Thorne, your mother's legal adviser, declares it to be her signature."

"Impossible! He is almost as familiar with her writing as I myself. The name is forged!"

"And who could have forged it?"

Bessie gazed at him steadily, her fair face flushed and her blue eyes flashing.

"The person most interested!" she retorted.

He sprang towards her, and then turning, viciously pulled the bell-rope.

"I expected this," he hissed; and then to the servant who entered, "Mr. Thorne is in the east parlor: send him to me."

Mr. Thorne, a benevolent-looking man of middle age, obeyed the summons.

"Mr. Thorne," cried Bessie, as he entered, "do you believe this name to have been written by my mother?"

"To the best of my belief that is Mrs. Alton's signature," answered the lawyer, reluctantly.

Bessie sank back in her chair, covering her face with her hands; all hope seemed fled.

"I have examined it closely and compared it with the same writing in my possession," he continued, "Mrs. Alton may not have been sane when signing the will, or," he glanced suspiciously at Hardston, "undue influence may have been used. This will is dated on the fifteenth—four days after the former one—your mother was very weak at that time, a day before her death."

"My dear mother *could* not have done such an unjust act at any time."

"Mr. Thorne will please withdraw," said Ross Hardston.

The lawyer turned his back upon the speaker, bowed to Bessie, and left the room.

"Elizabeth Alton, before *you* go too, I have something to say. I, who for years was a poor, struggling clerk, my miserable income scarcely made larger by the pittance allowed me by your mother, am now master of Alton Manor. While you were enjoying luxury, I was fighting with poverty. You have accused me of forgery: taste now of the cup from which I have drunk. Go! when I came to you."

A cruel smile played over his countenance; his time for revenge had come.

"I will go, Uncle Ross, but remember there is One who takes care of the orphan. Remember, too, that retribution follows on the steps of crime."

A mocking laugh followed her as she passed from his presence. Going to her room, she made a bundle of some clothing, not forgetting a few precious mementoes of her mother. Hastening unobserved through the park, she soon stood on the hill beyond. Tears filled her eyes as she looked upon Alton Manor, nestled among the old oaks, with its wide demesne stretching far in the distance. The fresh breeze brought her the scent of the clover fields, and she thought of the grave in the churchyard which she might never behold again. Would anybody miss her? Rolfe, the pony, might, and her canary too, and perhaps—perhaps—she blushed at the thought, Claude Neville, Mr. Thorne's partner, might wonder at her absence.

Whither would she go? It took some time to answer that question. At last she thought of Miss Eldwood, who had formerly been housekeeper at Alton Manor. The old lady had retired with an annuity, and lived now in London. Fortunately Bessie knew her address, so she proceeded to the railway station. She had no trouble about the fare, for she had brought her whole yearly allowance with her, and she was now dwelling towards London, utterly unconscious of the perils of the great city. If Bessie had been more fully "read up" in novels, it is possible she would have hesitated before venturing alone in that direction.

The moon, "sweet regent of the sky," was silvering the tall houses when the train stopped at the London station. Bessie inquired of the guard in what direction lay the street in which Mrs. Eldwood resided. She was glad to find that it was but a short distance from the railroad depot. She soon found the house, and was welcomed with open arms and hot tea and toast by the motherly old lady.

Mrs. Eldwood's son, Silas, played the violincello in the orchestra of one of the theatres. Great was his indignation when he heard how Ross Hardston had acted. To use his own words: "He felt like smashing his violincello over Hardston's hold head." But perhaps the groans which Silas forced out of his instrument would have done Ross Hardston more harm than the proposed method.

In this quiet household Bessie's days passed happily. Mrs. Eldwood would not allow her to assist in housework, so Bessie, much to the good old lady's displeasure, began to earn something by translating from the Italian and giving lessons in singing. Her only pupil was Miss Clementina Rolls, the daughter of a neighboring baker, who, I fear (such is the degeneracy of some females!) came rather to flirt with Silas than to be made perfect in the vocal art.

A turning point came in Bessie's life. One evening after Silas had gone to the theatre, and the house no longer resounded with Miss Clementina's accentuating of "Ah, ch'a la morte" in the purest English Italian, Bessie made Mrs. Eldwood comfortable in her easy chair by the fire, and, opening a book, prepared to spend a pleasant evening. The old lady complained of indisposition.

"I feel, my dear, just as though I was a-going to drop into the grave," she said. "Oh, if my Silas were only here!"

The evening advanced, and Mrs. Eldwood still continued to lament and wish for her son. Bessie looked out, and shrank back from the dark streets.

"Maybe I had better go for a physician."

"No, go for Silas, and he'll bring one. You know where the theatre is. Oh dear, oh dear!"

The old lady thought death to be very near, or she would never have sent Bessie. There was no alternative, she must go after Silas. Throwing on bonnet and shawl, she walked quickly in the direction of the theatre. She was not long in reaching it. The whole front was brilliantly lighted. It was a gala night. Mademoiselle Chanteuse was to sing between the acts. The stage door was half open, and Bessie went in, entering a dimly illuminated room.

The dusty scenery and tarnished accoutrements surprised her; she had expected to see nothing but glitter and enchantment. While she was gazing around, listening to the sound of distant music, a young girl appeared, and, advancing, took off Bessie's bonnet and shawl before their astonished owner could remonstrate.

"Oh, m'amselle," she chattered, "why didn't you come in time? *He's* in a terrible bad humor. There's no time to put any *rouge* on to-night. Here's your music." And, thrusting a roll of music into Bessie's hand, she vanished, carrying the bonnet and shawl with her. Hardly had she disappeared, when a stout gentleman, whose white vest and rainbow-hued necktie were very conspicuous, saluted her.

"Come, mademoiselle," he said, seizing one of Bessie's hands, "they're hooting and stamping with impatience."

"Stop, sir, there's some mistake," she gasped. She was unheard by her conductor. He dragged rather than led her forward. The curtain rolled up; the stout man made a flourishing bow and retired. Bessie stood alone on the stage, with a sea of faces before her and the footlights flickering at her feet!

Since the days of the Conqueror the Altons had faced many enemies, but no possessor of the Alton blood had ever fled from the conflict. An Alton was not going to prove a coward now. Bessie stood her ground.

The orchestra began the prelude of the sweet Italian song—her dead mother's favorite air. Hearing the melody, she forgot her surroundings. She was in the past—back in the drawing-room at Alton. The low music sounded like her dear mother's soft contralto. She glided into the song, and the theatre was filled with the thrilling tide of harmony.

At the end, the applause recalled her to herself. Frightened and confused she hastened from the stage. In spite of her emotion, she could not help seeing the ridiculous astonishment of Silas, who stood in the orchestra, his bow poised in the air, and his mouth opened to its widest extent.

"I must congratulate you on the success you have achieved to-night, Mademoiselle Chanteuse," said the stout man (the manager,) in French. "They are applauding yet; we must give an *encore*."

"I am not the lady you mention," said Bessie, in English; "I would have explained, but you were so abrupt—"

"Non Mademoiselle Chanteuse!" interrupted the manager.

"This is Miss Alton, of Alton Manor, Blankshire," explained Silas, entering; "Ma'amoiselle sent a message to say that she is ill. I intended to tell you, but—"

"Pardon my blunder, Miss Alton, but I am not perfectly acquainted with Mademoiselle Chanteuse, (she was to make her first appearance,) my mistake is excusable, I hope."

Bessie answered courteously, and remembering Mrs. Eldwood's message, said to Silas—

"Your mother is ill; she wants you; stop at a doctor's on your way." Silas started homeward at full speed. Hardly had he left, when Bessie saw two gentlemen entering the green-room. The sight brought the blood to her cheeks. They were Mr. Thorne and Claude Neville.

"Found at last!" cried Mr. Thorne, seizing both her hands.

"I was not aware that you were seeking me, sir."

"Seeking you! Why, we've been doing it for two months. Every pond and every place in and around Alton have been searched."

"Surely," cried Bessie, in horror, "you didn't think I would have drowned myself!"

"Um," returned the old lawyer. "Alton people are suspicious, and on your sudden disappearance, they feared that *another person* might have made an end of you. But I have excellent news for you."

"Pray, reserve your news for to-morrow, then, and see me home, for my escort has deserted me."

During this short dialogue, Claude Neville's eyes had spoken more love and gladness than words could convey, and Bessie's blush grew redder as she noticed it. The gentlemen said good-night at Mrs. Eldwood's door, promising to call on the morrow.

Bessie was surprised to see Mrs. Eldwood looking as well as usual.

"Oh, my dear, I washawful worried about you," began she, "so as soon as Silas came in, I sent him right back after you. I feel right well now, it was only pickled cowcumbers, after all."

The next day Mr. Thorne and Claude Neville came, according to promise, and Bessie was informed that she was once more the possessor of Alton Manor.

It appeared that after Bessie had disappeared from Alton, suspicion was excited against her uncle, and Mr. Thorne confided the story of the will to Claude Neville. Claude was younger and more keen-witted than his partner, besides he was in love with Bessie Alton, and—

> "Over floods that are deepest,
> Which Neptune obey,
> Over rocks that are steepest,
> Love will find out the way."

Claude went to work in earnest. He forced the servants whose names were affixed as witnesses to the will, to confess that they had not witnessed its making. He proved the will to be a forgery, weaving such a maze of evidence around the forger that escape was impossible. Knowing this, Ross Hardston ended himself by despair. The two lawyers made every effort to find the missing heiress. Finally they both started to search in person. Even Claude was becoming despondent, when, happening to attend the theatre on the previous night, he had recognized Bessie singing the air which he had often heard issue from her lips.

He rushed behind the scenes followed by Mr. Thorne, and Bessie was found.

Silas and his mother were overjoyed to hear of the turn events had taken. They accompanied Bessie back to her old home where Mrs. Eldwood insisted on resuming her duties as housekeeper. Not long after the heiress of Alton Manor assumed her rights, Claude Neville asked an important question, the answer to which appeared to elate him greatly. My readers, no doubt, can guess what it was.

On the same day that saw the marriage celebration of Bessie and Claude, Silas and Miss Clementina Rolls were united. In the latter case, I am not certain which of the parties popped the question, but I think it was Miss Clementina herself.

Claude Neville goes through life blessing the mistake through which he found his beloved wife; for, had he not discovered her just at that time, who knows how it might have ended.

In a dark wood, where the sunlight seldom comes, is a marble slab covering the remains of Ross Hardston. Retribution had followed on the steps of crime.

SUN AND SHADOW.

As I look from the lake, o'er its billows of green,
To the hillsides of sun-crested blue,
Yon bark that afar in the distance is seen,
Half dreaming my eyes will pursue.
Now dark in the shadow she scatters the spray
As chaff in the stroke of the flail.
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to chun—
Of breakers that whiten and roar—
How little he cares if in shadow or sun
They see him that gaze from the shore.
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
Over the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim vaulted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sunshine or shade;
Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A California spider spins red cobwebs.

☞ Are women nearer angels since they have worn high heels?

☞ "Should said acquaintance be forgot?" Not if they have money.

☞ "Swinging on the gate" season is about over. It is getting cool, and she asks him in now.

☞ A New Orleans policeman arrested a man recently for "looking scornfully at him."

☞ A young lady at Sharon boasts of having been seven times engaged.

☞ New York thievesses pick the pockets of those whom they get to open car-windows for them.

☞ An Oswego local saw two ladies "go for" a moving train, and took out his pencil and note-book joyfully. But they got aboard in safety.

☞ "You must not occupy this berth with your boots on," fiercely said a steamboat captain to a passenger; to which the latter serenely replied. "Oh, never mind, captain. I guess the bugs won't hurt 'em much. They're an old pair. Let 'em rip, any how."

☞ You should never look at girls. They can't bear it; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, furbelows and frills merely to gratify their mammas, that's all.

☞ The newest charm is in the form of a compass, and about the size of a cent. The oldest charm is in the form of an encompass, and about the sighs of assent.

☞ The Mayor of Selma, Ala., has given orders to have all young men loafing on the streets arrested, unless they go to work.

☞ A Vermont paper reports that a prisoner in the county jail fell out while leaning against the wall, and that the institution is to be papered for better security.

☞ A gentlemanly New Orleans thief returned a wedding ring he had stolen.

☞ Said a fop to a young lady, "That gold ring on your finger is emblematical of my love for you, because it has no end." "And it is emblematical of mine for you," said the lady, "because it has no beginning."

☞ Various papers in Massachusetts have begun publishing "engagements."

☞ Working and thinking should go together, the thinker working, and the worker thinking.

☞ A youthful Chicagoan, aged six years, who was refused permission to go fishing on Sunday, incontinently hanged himself, in order to relieve his parents' minds of any apprehension that he was born to be drowned.

☞ I have known folks who have never committed a blunder, whose hearts are as dust; and others who have constantly transgressed, whose sympathies were as warm and quick as those of an angel. Mind.

☞ In growing older, guard against increasing temptation to gossip about the rascalities of the world, that comes of increased knowledge of them. Better in this matter follow the ignorance of youth with a reticence of age.

☞ Good Books.—As good almost kill a man as a good book. A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

☞ Another War.—A party of German officers were dining recently in a garrison town on the banks of the Rhine, when two of them quarrelled about a lady. As duelling is not allowed, they agreed to throw at dice for each other's lives, and he throwing the lowest number was to blow his brains out. The young officer who threw the lowest number killed himself the same evening.

☞ Fifty dozen pretzels were among the delicacies consumed by the Cincinnati Aldermen on a recent junket.

☞ Two Detroit young ladies attracted attention by calmly smoking on a ferry-boat.

☞ The most delicate compliments are not expressed in words.

☞ A country editor, who has been to Saratoga, says of the ladies' walk, that it is a flip-flop, wiggle-waggle. A knock-kneed person can learn the motion easier than any body else, though if you are naturally flabby and loose jointed you can acquire the wiggle waggle part with comparatively little trouble.

☞ To illustrate the correctness of his opinion in a dispute, a Texan thrust his pistol down a Kansan's throat and threatened to fire. The Kansan admitted the truth of the Texan's statement immediately.

☞ Girls in old times did not behave any better than they do now-a-days. Even the Old Testament tells how Ruth followed the Boaz round. Unless that last name is used as one syllable only, our labor has been in vain.

☞ An Englishman has won a wager of £100 by writing one million strokes with a pen within a month. He did it in twenty-three days, but his arm was nearly palsied by the operation.

☞ They reckon time out West and give dates by saying, "two weeks before the last circus," or "three weeks after the last circus."

☞ Twisted hemp cures felons.

☞ Bits of frontier life—Scalps.

☞ Victoria's daughter Alice is publishing a serial novel.

☞ You should get married at exactly noon, now-a-days, if you respect the claims of fashion.

☞ Worcester, England, was recently visited by a fall of black rain, which, for fifteen minutes, poured down like ink. No cause can be assigned for it.

☞ A newly married couple in Cleveland took as their bridal tour a voyage on an elevator to the fourth story of a mill and back again.

☞ An Iowa woman has begun her suicide by marking the place on her throat where she intends to cut, when she gets her courage up.

☞ Grasshoppers chew tobacco in Connecticut.

☞ Lady teachers in Iowa are prohibited from kissing school boys over eighteen years old.

☞ Ladies' parasols with watches in the handles are cited as singular freaks of fashion.

☞ Richardson Anderson of New Bedford has a black and tan dog three months old which weighs one pound seven ounces, and will just about fill a good sized vest pocket.

☞ Beaux have been scarce at the watering-places this year. It has been no uncommon sight to see four women laying hold of one man.

☞ Premature cool mornings and evenings continuing, look out for early lugubrious and pensive poetry on "the sere and yellow leaf," "the melancholy days," and all that sort of thing.

☞ A careful estimate shows that the lines "The melancholy days are come—the saddest of the year," will be quoted about 15,000 times during the next three weeks.

☞ A bankrupt friend of ours was condoled with the other day on his embarrassment. "Oh, I am not embarrassed at all," said he; "it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

☞ According to the correspondent of the London Echo, the new plan of Rome is splendid. Ancient Rome is to be cleared of all excrescences, such as hideous hay-lofts and the old *gas-works*, which occupy great part of the Circus Maximus, and spoil the view from the Palatine. Modern Rome is to be improved by the widening of some streets, and the erection of covered markets. The flower market is to be in Piazza San Silvestro, and will be unequalled in Europe. Rome of the future is already growing upon the Viminal, and is to spread over the Esquiline on one side and the Quirinal and Pincio on the other.

☞ Judicious Praise.—No heart is insensible to words of praise or the kindly smile of approbation; and none are utterly above being affected by censure or blame. Children are particularly sensitive in this respect. Nothing can discourage a child more than a spirit of fault-finding; and perhaps nothing can exert a more baneful influence upon both parent and child.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—18,000 bbls at prices ranging from $4,78@5,05 ₱ bbl for superfine; $5,50@6,25 for extra, $7@8 for Northwest extra family, $6@7,50 for Penna extra family, $7@7,50 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@9 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $4,60@4,75.

GRAIN.—Prime Wheat—Sales of 25,000 bus at $1,36@1,38 for Penna red; $1,50@1,56 for Delaware red; $1,59@1,59 for Western red; $1,58@1,61 for amber, and $1,60@1,65 for white. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at 86c. Corn—Sales of 80,000 bus at 76@77c for yellow; 74@75c for mixed, and 80c for white. Oats—Sales of 30,000 bus at 46c for black; 47@49c for mixed, and 49 @50c for white. Barley—1000 bus of Western sold at $1, and 4000 bus at 92½@95 ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $14,50@14,75 ₱ bbl. City packed extra Mess Beef at 15@15,50 ₱ bbl. Beef Hams command $28@24. Bacon—Sales sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 14@15½c; Excelsior Hams at 16c; sides at 7½@8c, and shoulders at 8c. Seven Western sales of shoulders, in salt, at 7@7½c. Lard—Sales at 9½@10c for city and Western steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of New York factory at 12@13½c. Butter—Sales of roll at 18@20c, and packed at 12@14c. Eggs—Fresh sell at 20@23c; Western bring 20c ₱ doz.

BARK.—No. 1 Quercitron is quoted at $33 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX sells at 32@33c ₱ lb for Yellow.

COTTON—Sales of 600 bales, at 19½@20 for middling uplands; 20c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 5½@7½c. Green Apples sell at $3@5 ₱ bbl. Cranberries are held at $5@11 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs., $1,30@1,70; mixed $1,40@1,90; Straw $1,05@1,10.

HOPS—Sales of 1870 crop at 30@40, and new at 50@60c.

IRON—Pig iron—Sales of 900 tons No 1 foundry at $37, 300 tons No 2 at $35,50, and 200 tons Grey Forge at $32 ₱ ton. Bar Iron sells at $82@85. Scotch Pig commands $35 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Clover sold at 10@10½c; 1200 bushels Timothy Seed sold at $3@3,50. Flaxseed sells at $1,90.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2900 head, and sold at $1@8½c, 200 Cows brought $50@55 ₱ head. Sheep—17,000 head were disposed of at 5@6c. ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at $6,50@7,35 ₱ 100 lbs net.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the Saturday Evening Post. Good Commission allowed. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

"THE BOYS."

We take great pride in fitting THE BOYS in Elegant Suits for

FALL AND WINTER WEAR!

We have the Largest Stock of

Youths', Boys' and Children's Clothing

Ever Manufactured in Philadelphia!

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S

BOYS' DEPARTMENT ON 1st FLOOR,

532 and 534 Market Street.

We have MANY ENTIRELY NEW DESIGNS.

BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS!
VERY DURABLE MATERIALS!
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP!
PRICES THE LOWEST!
PRICES THE LOWEST!
PRICES THE LOWEST!

Greatest care taken to Please in Every Respect!
Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed!
Polite attention always given!

☞ To persons living at a distance, we will send samples and prices, with easy rules for self-measurement. We have a Special Department for "Order Work." *All orders receive immediate attention.*

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL,

The Largest Clothing House in America,

S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA. au23-3t

A BEAUTIFUL LOT of "DECALCOMANIE PICTURES," for post-paid 25 cts., with full instructions. Address, B. FOX & CO., Decalcomanie Depot, 849 Canal Street, New York City. 7t8-20t

Those German Silver Rings will not rust, break, or spread apart, and are equal to the strongest rings made; there is room for a name and address to be stamped on the inside, and engraved on either side, they can be easily opened or locked by turning a washer. Monogram, initial, name, rings and checks; price only $12,00.

Sample ring, 15 cents. Circulars Free. 1y15-4m

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, GUN MATERIAL. Write for Price List, to *GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS*, Pittsburg, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. Correspondence solicited. aug8-26t

or Cincinnati, O.

CHEAP PAINTING.—1 Pound of Prepaid Company's Colored Paint will paint as much as 200 lbs. of Lead and wear longer. Send for circulars, send ten cent sample, and address, D. BOWEN, Manager, No. 150 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa. or New York.

COST LEAD.

au16-3t

RUPTURE

CURED by Dr. SHERMAN'S PATENT APPLIANCE AND RUPTURE CURATIVE, without the injury attendant from the use of the knife. Pamphlets illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents.

Address Dr. M. J. SHERMAN,
ap8-1y 697 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Italian Medicated Soap.

This admirable emollient is now, by common consent, rated A No. 1, as a remedy for Blotches, Pimples, Pustules, Scurf, Tan, Freckles, Sunburn, MOTH PATCHES, all kinds of eruptions, and every species of discoloration of the skin. All competition has been completely distanced by this invaluable compound, the demand for which, within the last few years, has increased more than five hundred per cent., and is still increasing. The clearness and freshness which it has the power to impart to the complexion, have rendered it proverbial as a beautifier of the skin, and no dressing-room can be considered furnished with a proper toilet that lacks a CAKE OF GOURAUD'S MEDICATED SOAP. It is also a delicious shaving compound, and can be used in salt water, and is a sovereign and instantaneous remedy for the bites of insects. If beauty be, as it assuredly is, only skin deep, it is the more important that the thin covering in which loveliness resides, should be kept in its purest and most attractive state. Dr. G. might go on amplifying the merits of his Italian Medicated Soap, but he thinks that the extraordinary number of certificates which have been received from all parts of the Union, at the cost of several thousands of dollars to the Doctor, from eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Members of Congress, Captains of Steamers, Officers of the Army, and a host of Distinguished Ladies, the originals of which can always be seen, if required, are, by far, the best evidence that can be adduced, and the more important that the thin covering in which loveliness resides, should be kept in its present

WIT AND HUMOR.

ARTEMUS WARD IN UTAH.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah. It was leap-year when I was there; and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day, and taking their white, soft hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears. And I said, "Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?" They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size. They said, "Doth not like us?" I said, "I doth, I doth!" I also said, "I hope your intentions are honorable; as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away." They then said, "Wilt not marry us?"—"Oh, no! it cannot was." Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. Then they cried, "O cruel man! this is too much—oh! too much!" I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

Mr. Heber C. Kimball is the first Vice-President of the Mormon Church; and would, consequently, succeed to the full presidency on Brigham Young's death. Brother Kimball is a gay and festive fellow of some seventy summers, or some—ers there about. He has one thousand head of cattle, and a hundred head of wives. He says they are awful eaters.

Brigham Young's family is very large. He is more a father than any man I know. When at home he ought to be very happy, with sixty wives to minister to his comforts, and thrice sixty children to soothe his distracted mind. Ah! my friends, what is home without a family?

A MINER'S ANECDOTE.

Some ten years ago Virginia City, Nevada, was a mere camp of rude cabins, rough houses, and canvas tents. The old Empire canvas lodging-house will be remembered by early settlers. This furnished the only convenient place in which our pioneer Methodist brethren could worship. Brother Rooney was then the preacher. A man more fond of giving or receiving a good joke among private friends could rarely be found. On a hot Sunday morning Brother Rooney began his discourse to the assembled sinners. The curtains were carefully drawn in front of the berths, one above another, wherein were several tired miners reposing, with the latest yellow covered literature which had come to the camp.

In the midst of the sermon the horrid braying of a donkey was commenced at the side of the tent, directly under the bunk of a miner, which was enough to drown all that priest or prophet might proclaim.

The miner in the bunk could endure it no longer, and pushing out the canvas curtain, and staring the donkey in the face, bawled out, "Dry up, confound you! one at a time is enough!"

This was too much for the fun-loving audience, and a general snicker went around, in which Brother Rooney himself was compelled to join; but the moment he could command himself, he solemnly remarked that "as soon as our friend gets through talking to his brother we will proceed with our discourse."

KISS ME.

A very pretty and exceedingly modest young lady, the other morning, stepped into a well-known music store to make some purchases, and was waited upon by an equally modest clerk. Throwing back her veil, the lady said: 'I want 'Rock Me to Sleep." Procuring the music, the young gentleman laid it before her. "Now," said the young lady, "I want the Wandering Refugee." The clerk bowed, and this was also produced. "And now," exclaimed the purchaser, with a bewitching smile, "Kiss Me." The unfortunate youth gazed in mute astonishment. "Wh—what did you say Miss?" he at length found words to ask. "Kiss Me!" "I ca—can't do it," he gasped in agony; I never kissed a young lady in my life." The veil instantly dropped, and the would be purchaser, hurriedly laying the music on the counter, took a hasty departure. The clerk only recovered after a somewhat spirited explanation with the proprietor, but hereafter, the new composition, "Kiss Me," will be conspicuously posted at the entrance of the establishment.

How a Western Editor Gets Out of a Scrape.—The editor of the La Crosse Democrat had some prairie chickens sent him the other day, and thankfully acknowledged the same, forgetting that the chickens had been shot in violation of the game law. Next day, he says they were fish," and blames the compositor for the mistake. He adds:

"The error was more mortifying to us because the law preventing the having in our possession of prairie chickens was yet in force, and it might lead ignorant parties to suppose that we had violated the law, and set at defiance the State of Wisconsin, and all the law-abiding people thereof. We knew they were fish all the time, and told the girl when she was picking off the feathers they were fish. The wish-bone was a regular catfish wish-bone, and the fast—but why multiply words, anybody would know they were not chickens."

Smart Children.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveler records the two following "smart speeches" of children: A bright little boy, the son of a clergyman, was at our correspondent's house one evening, with his parents, and I gave him a couple of five cent pieces. He laid them on the table, and, putting his finger on one, said: "This one I'm going to give to the heathen, and the other one I am going to keep myself." He played with them awhile, till finally one of them rolled away, and he could not find it. "Well," said I, my lad, which one have you lost?" "Oh," said he, "I have lost the one I was going to give to the heathen!" A little girl came into my house one day, and some apple-parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile, she said, "I smell apples." "Yes," I replied, "I guess you smell those apple-parings on the plate." "No, no," said she. "I mint them I smell; I smell whole apples."

Lively Times down East.—Here is what they sing at public school examinations in a Vermont village to the tune of Yankee Doodle, visitors and all joining in the chorus:

If anything on earth can make
A great and glorious nation,
It is to give the little ones
A thorough education.

Chorus—Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty,
Five times seven are thirty-five,
And five times eight are forty.

"Jenny," said a landlady to her help, the other morning, "Jenny, was there any fire in the kitchen last night, while you were sitting up?" Only just a spark ma'am," was the reply. The landlady looked suspiciously at Jenny, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing and humming "Katy Darling."

As a good tempered gentleman, with a very long nose, was one day walking down a narrow street, two or three quizzical ladies, with very ill grace, paused in their way, and looked steadfastly at the gentleman's nose; when he good-humoredly placed his finger on its tip and pressed it one side, and laughingly said, "Now, ladies, you have room to pass."

SUMMONS.

O long, swinging bells of pomegranate!
O orange buds, falling as snow!
O singing of swallow and linnet—
Singing birds in the leaves, singing low—
Can ye sing to my heart, can ye win it
One moment to these ere I go?

What flowers shall be sweeter than these are?
What sky shall be blue as this sky?
As a fair fringed girdle the trees are,
About the green place where I lie;
And the swarms of the brown honey bees are
As drops over clover and eye.

But ah! for the singing of swallows,
What though the singing be sweet!
What eases, though the grass of the hollows
And hills be as down to my feet!
Love calls, and the ready heart follows—
How fleet to the summons, how fleet!

And unto the dove as she cooeth,
It's O, for the wings of a dove!
And unto the wind as it bloweth,
For the pinions and fleetness thereof!
That the feet unto where the heart goeth
May be swift—may be swift—to my love!

WRECKED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER I.

She stood upon the balcony and looked out seaward. The wind blew in with freshness on its wings, and fluttered her yellow hair about her face. It touched her cheeks and they grew rosy, and her eyes sparkled. The crisp, bracing air was like a draught of wine.

The ocean boomed against the beach. Its low, deep music was like the sound of an organ's diapason heard afar off. Olive Gresham loved it. It spoke to her soul, and gave her higher, better thoughts.

Presently there was a sound of carriage wheels on the avenue, and she turned that way.

A carriage came bowling up to the door. It held a man and a woman. The man was John Gresham, her husband. The woman was an old friend of his, a Gertrude Dorn, that he had invited among others to spend a few weeks at Seaview. He had gone down to the station to meet her that morning, and Olive had spent half the time of his absence in wondering if she should like this woman of whom she had heard so much, and asking herself why she dreaded her coming so.

She was a tall and handsome woman. Olive saw that, as her husband helped her to alight. A face like Cleopatra's—dark, rich, and olive-tinted. Eyes full of a deep and subtle fire. Hair of purplish blackness, coiled about her head in a queenly way that became her more than a crown would have done. A dress of some dark stuff fitted her tall form closely and set off her rich beauty well.

"No wonder half the men are crazy about her," Olive thought. "Such beauty as hers is enough to turn their heads, let alone their hearts."

She turned to go down to greet their visitor.

On the landing she met Mrs. Devenon. She was one of those women who see everything without appearing to have any regard for anybody's business save their own. She would have made a splendid acquisition for the female detective police had there been such a thing in existence. She stopped Olive as they met.

"Be careful of that Miss Dorn," she said. "She's a dangerous woman—perfectly unscrupulous, I assure you. She does not care who her victims are. Married or unmarried, it makes no difference to her. She came near making sad havoc with your husband's heart once, I believe; so keep a look-out, and do not give her a chance to get an influence over him again. Men get perfectly crazy over such a woman as Miss Dorn sometimes, you know. There is something about her that charms them, or bewitches them, I don't know which."

Olive turned away and went down-stairs.

Her husband and Miss Dorn were in the parlor.

"Miss Dorn, my wife," John Gresham said, as Olive entered.

Olive bowed and gave Miss Dorn her hand, saying a few words of welcome.

"I am happy to know your wife, John," Miss Dorn said to Mr. Gresham. "You must excuse me if I call your husband John, Mrs. Gresham. We used to be very great friends, and it sounds so formal to say Mr. Gresham."

She had a soft and mellow voice. It was full of music, and vibrated on the ear pleasantly as the tinkle of silver bells. She had it under perfect control, and knew how to use it effectively. She was evidently a woman who knew her resources and how to use them to the best effect.

"Would you like to go to your room?" Olive asked.

"If you please," Miss Dorn said, and followed her hostess up-stairs.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Dorn came down to dinner. She knew most of the visitors at Seaview. She took her place at once as an acknowledged queen in society. She was a witty, fluent conversationalist, and was capable of holding her own on almost any subject under discussion. Consequently she was a favorite with the gentlemen, as indeed she would have been had she possessed no attractions but her face and her exquisite voice.

After dinner the long drawing-room windows were thrown open to the cool breeze from the sea, and the company adjourned thither.

It was a beautiful night. The moon-light drifted whitely over the landscape and touched the sea with mellow splendor. The beat of the waves upon the shore came distinctly on the wind like a strain of deep and solemn music. Overhead the stars shone like silver sparks in the blue sky. Olive stood at one of the windows and took in the beauty of the quiet scene.

"We must have Miss Dorn sing for us," some one said. "She is a splendid singer; or used to be when I knew her some years ago."

"Of course," was the reply. "Ask her, please—some one."

There arose a clamor for music from Miss Dorn. She was sitting in a low chair, and John Gresham was leaning over her.

"I suppose I shall have to gratify them," she said, looking up into his face with her dark, southern eyes. "Do you ever sing, 'At the Orchard Stile,' now?"

"No," he answered. "I have never sung it or heard of it since—that summer."

Olive fancied that there was something like a regret in his voice. What summer did he mean? Had it held disappointment for him, of pleasant dreams and hopes; and had Miss Dorn anything to do with it? She half smiled at her jealous thought.

"I will sing that, if you will help me," Miss Dorn said. "You used to sing it with me, you know, in that 'good old time.'"

"I will try," he said, and led her to the piano.

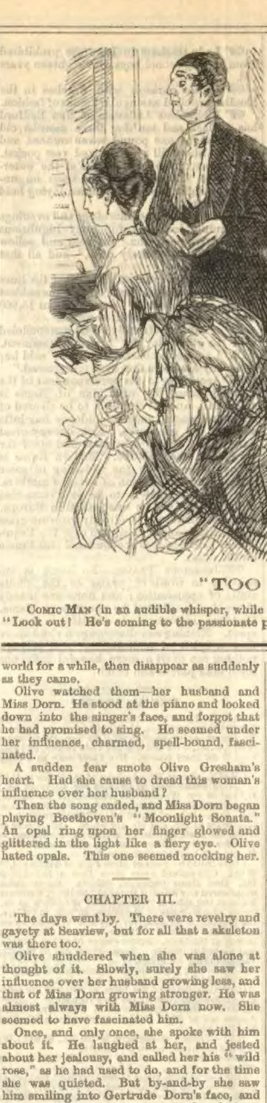
She sat down, and touched the keys softly. She had an exquisite touch—firm and correct, and capable of expressing her moods. She played a simple little prelude, touching from its plaintive simpleness and pathos, and began to sing.

A silence fell upon the room. It was a little song that had once been very popular. One of those little waifs that come from no one knows where, and drift through the world for a while, then disappear as suddenly as they came.

Olive watched them—her husband and Miss Dorn. He stood at the piano and looked down into the singer's face, and forgot that he had promised to sing. He seemed under her influence, charmed, spell-bound, fascinated.

A sudden fear smote Olive Gresham's heart. Had she cause to dread this woman's influence over her husband?

Then the song ended, and Miss Dorn began playing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." An opal ring upon her finger glowed and glittered in the light like a fiery eye. Olive hated opals. This one seemed mocking her.



"TOO

Comic Man (in an audible whisper, while "Look out! He's coming to the passionate p

CHAPTER III.

The days went by. There were revelry and gayety at Seaview, but for all that a skeleton was there too.

Olive shuddered when she was alone at thought of it. Slowly, surely she saw her influence over her husband growing less, and that of Miss Dorn growing stronger. He was almost always with Miss Dorn now. She seemed to have fascinated him.

Once, and only once, she spoke with him about it. He laughed at her, and jested about her jealousy, and called her his "wild rose," as he had used to do, and for the time she was quieted. But by-and-by she saw him smiling into Gertrude Dorn's face, and the fear came up again stronger than before.

What could she do?

Nothing—absolutely nothing. She loved him, but her love was not strong enough to keep him at her side. Miss Dorn's will drew him from her, and kept him away. She was like a queen, and he was like her slave; a willing slave, Olive thought sometimes, with a bitter feeling at her heart.

There was no friendship between the women, and no semblance of it. Olive had never liked her from the first. There was something repulsive about her—something that kept her at a distance, and would not admit of friendship in the most remote degree if either had wished it. Olive did not, and Miss Dorn seemed wholly indifferent on the subject. Knowing how great her influence was over John Gresham, she cared nothing for his wife. She saw that it tortured her to see her husband so completely won away from her, and the thought gave Miss Dorn a peculiar kind of satisfaction. Beyond that she thought but little of John Gresham's wife.

One day there was a picnic some miles inland. Olive pleaded a headache, and begged to stay at home. John volunteered to stay with her. She smiled when he did so, and kissed him, hoping that he was coming back to his true allegiance.

After the company had gone and the house grown still, she lay down and tried to sleep, for her head ached terribly. John fanned her, and was quite like the husband he had been before Gertrude Dorn came to Seaview. By-and-by she fell asleep.

When she woke up, she was alone. She got up and combed out her yellow hair, feeling much better. She put off her wrapper and donned a cool, airy white muslin, with green ribbons at the waist and shoulders. She put a knot of white flowers in her hair, and some at her throat, and went down to find her husband, looking as beautiful as Undine.

The library door was open. She heard voices in the room, and wondered who was inside. She stepped softly to the door and looked in. She started back as if struck. John Gresham sat there by the side of the woman who had won him from her, and he was twisting scarlet fuchsias in her purple-black hair, while she looked up into his face with a subtle mesmerism in her eyes.

Olive turned away and went down to the garden. She had supposed that Miss Dorn had gone to the picnic. Now she saw why her husband had been so willing to stay at home. The thought stabbed her like a knife.

She wandered about the garden for a long time, unutterably wretched. It was late in the afternoon. The sun sank lower and lower, and after awhile the visitors came flocking home. She avoided them and wandered off to the sea; she wanted to be alone.

Up and down, up and down. Her walk was a weary one. She saw the white and ghostly glimmer of sails out at sea, and heard the song of the fishermen down the bay. It all came to her afterwards like a dream.

It was late before she went up to the house. She avoided the main entrance, and gained her room unseen. She lay down and tried to sleep, but sleep was banished from her eyelids. She got up and threw wide open the window, and sat down by it in the moonlight.

Some one was talking in the shade of some great shrubs in the garden below. Her heart gave a great throb, for she saw that it was her husband and Gertrude Dorn.

"I ought not to have married her," he was saying. "I see that now. But you know you never gave me any real encouragement. If I had known that you cared for me!"

"But I did not know it myself, then," she answered. "I found it out when it was too late."

"My darling! you *are* mine, in spite of all!" he cried, and kissed her scarlet lips.

Olive Gresham slipped down in an unconscious heap upon the floor. It was morning before she came to herself.

CHAPTER IV.

When she opened her eyes to a realization of life, the morning sunlight lay in radiant bars upon the floor.

She got up, and wondered vaguely if she

BAD."

his friend is "obliging" with "Adelaide"). art now. You'll see him wag his shoulders!"

was really awake, or was it all a wretched dream.

A folded paper, lying just inside the door, met her view. She picked it up. It had her name on it. She opened it, and read:

"*Olive:* I am going away, and with Miss Dorn. It is useless to try to keep the truth from you. You would find it out, if I did not tell you. I find that I was mistaken when I thought that I loved you well enough to marry you. I loved Miss Dorn before I met with you, and since she came to Seaview I have found out that that love was returned by her, though she gave me no encouragement at the time. I cannot be happy without I am with her. I know I am wronging you cruelly but my love is stronger than my sense of right and honor, and I am going away. Forgive me, Olive; you have always been a good wife to me, and had I never seen Miss Dorn again I should always have been a faithful husband to you.

"God bless you, Olive, and good-by."

She read the letter through with dry eyes; her sorrow was tearless, but all the more terrible on that account.

Gone away! The husband she had loved so well had deserted her for another, and left her to disgrace and loneliness, and a bitter consciousness of loss. All the light had gone out of life for her in the utter blackness of desolation.

There was a roll of carriage wheels on the avenue. She went to the window and looked out. The carriage stopped at the door. Some men lifted out something long and narrow, covered with a black cloth. Beneath it she saw the outlines of a human form.

She started with a sudden terror, and ran down the stairs, and met the men with their burden in the hall.

"What is it?" she cried. "*Tell me*—is it my husband?"

"It is," some one of the men answered, pityingly. "There was a collision. He only lived an hour. He wrote you this before he died."

He gave her a folded paper. She motioned them to bear the body into the parlor, and followed them. When they had put the body down, they left her, awed into silence by her white, set face, full of a dumb, tearless sorrow still.

When she was alone she opened the letter and read it over by the dead.

"OLIVE—MY WIFE:

"Lying here, with the shadow of death falling over me, I can see things as they are—and I know now, that I have been blind, and that I had been mistaken in myself. I *do* love you, Olive, better than I ever loved any one else. The love—or rather the fascination I felt for Gertrude Dorn, is gone. Death is so near that I can look into my own heart, and understand it. She bewildered me, she threw a strange influence over me, and lured me from you, and my feet from the path of right and true manhood. I thought I loved her, and that I could not be happy unless she shared my life with me. But God has been merciful and shown me my error. He has put out his hand and stopped me on the brink of utter ruin. I am dying, but I am not sorry that it is so. If I could live, you could never trust me again. But at the last I can tell you, and tell you truly, that I love you. It was *not* love I felt for Gertrude Dorn. She lies in the next room, dead—but I think of her with a sense of shame and pain, for her and for myself. I think of you with love, and long to see your face again, and hear you say that you forgive me. But that cannot be. Perhaps, when I am dead, you will say what I would be glad to hear before I say good-night to life. If you do, I shall hear you, Olive, my dear, wronged, faithful wife—I shall hear you. I can hardly hold the pen. I am growing blind—but I love you—I love you at the last."

And then there was a great blot where the pen fell from John Gresham's nerveless fingers as the blot of death fell on his life.

She lifted the cloth that covered the dead face, and knelt beside her husband. She dropped great tears among his hair, and kissed him over and over again, calling him sweet and tender names.

"I forgive you, John," she said softly. "You hear me, don't you? I forgive you wholly. You are mine now, all mine. I love you, John."

Was it fancy, or did the dead face take on a more peaceful look than it had worn before? She thought it did.

"You heard me," she whispered. "It is sweet to know that you were mine at the last—all mine now, John—all mine now."

And then Olive kissed the white lips that would never answer her again, and put away the soft hair from his brow, and held his hands in hers. In death they had come together as they might never again have been united in life.

And it was better so—better so.

GREAT MEN.—There are no "mute Miltons." If a man has something to say he will inevitably say it. It is one of the pleasantest self-delusions to imagine that we might have been this or that had circumstances been kinder. The truth is that the man with the right stuff in him makes his own circumstances. He does not sit down at the feet of Destiny; he gets up and elbows her out of the way. Very few of the world's great men have been born with, so to say, a gold spoon in their mouths. They have come up from lowliness, from toil, from penury, and become kings and princes among men by the sheer force of the soul that was in them. If there be in a human soul any true and great power it *will* find expression. If we are weak and infirm of purpose and unsuccessful, we may as well be sure that it was not in us to be anything else.

Answers to Correspondents.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and yet may be unfitted for our columns. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

JOAQUIN. We are in doubt as to the proper English pronunciation of the name Joaquin. In Spanish it is pronounced Ho-a-keen, with the accent on the last syllable—the first syllable being strongly aspirated. But of course when names are anglicised, they must come more or less under English rules. Thus Juan, which the Spanish pronounce Hu-an, with the accent on the last syllable, and which is also shortened in Spanish into Wan, is pronounced universally in English compositions Ju-an, with the accent on the *first* syllable.

Following this analogy, we should pronounce Joaquin, Jo-a-quin, with the accent on the Jo. We might appeal to Mr. Joaquin Miller himself, but then people do not always know how to pronounce their own names, for, if intelligent themselves, they may have had uncultivated parents. And we have known several instances where persons of considerable education mispronounced their own baptismal designations.

O. R. S. (Shiloh Hill, Ill.) writes: "I am 28 years old, but perhaps you will think by the following questions that I am under 12. I believe the Post is the best paper in America. I am glad you have a correspondent's column, and am pleased with your answers to the questions. Will you be so kind as to give me the desired information as to the following questions, as soon as convenient? 1st. Who is the author of the following lines: [Lines omitted.] Perhaps no music to which the human ear has ever listened is equal in sweetness, delicacy and smoothness, to the Harmonicon; invented by Dr. Franklin. If this be true, why are they not used in our parlors in lieu of the Piano-fortes? Where can one be purchased? Is there any used in your city? 2d. Will you give the philosophy of the two following facts? When cannon are fired, and the object is merely to penetrate, as in the breaching of fortifications, the greatest velocity is given. But in naval combats the most destructive balls are those which merely pierce the ships' sides. 3d. Why will a Kite not fly so well with its tail cut off? I conceive it would not think that one made in this manner would ascend more readily and remain longer in the air. But those made in the opposite manner, that is, convex or flat on the front, fly better. 4th. What is the reason that all bodies of water cannot be sounded? Is it because the water is so compressed at a certain depth that it cannot be easily penetrated? Or is that depth ascertained limited by the strength of the line? 5th. What is your opinion of the so-called Spiritualism? 6th. Who is the greatest living orator? 7th. What is said to be the fastest penman? 8th. Will you name some of the greatest mathematicians in the land? 9th. Where are the best Indian and Negro schools? They comprise? Lastly, who are the sharpest editors?" Accept our thanks for the compliment. But we must warn you that if you continue to ask questions at this rate there will be nothing *left for* anybody else to question us about. However, we will do what we can by way of answer to your wholesale list of queries. 1st. The Harmonicon, as invented by Dr. Franklin, never became a favorite instrument of music. The Piano is far superior to it in power of expression, and while wind expression can never become popular. There is a modification of it in use, which can be procured from any large music dealer. 2d. Of course the greater the momentum of the ball the greater its penetrating power, momentum being simply the product of velocity and weight. But fired into a ship such a ball would make a round clean hole, while a slower ball tears the wood in its passage and scatters the splinters in every direction. Hence such a ball is more destructive. 3d. In a concave kite the hollow portion of the kite holds the air, and forms a kind of immoveable body of air, so that the wind, instead of striking the firm substance of the kite, strikes an elastic medium, and hence a portion of its force is lost by the reaction of this medium. 4th. The compression of the water is the principal cause. At a great depth it becomes extremely dense by the pressure. Submarine currents, too, often affect the sounding apparatus. 5th. We have no opinions. We give facts and advice only, not opinions. 6th. There is no competitor. Cicero, or Webster now living, as orator of such surpassing eloquence as to stand acknowledged the prince of good speakers. 7th. No special person is said to be. 8th. We have no living American mathematician who has achieved greatness. 9th. The East Indies comprise the peninsulas of Hindoostan and Farther India, in Southeastern Asia. The islands comprised are Ceylon, and the Indian Archipelago, including the large islands of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, the Moluccas, &c. Lastly, That is entitled a matter of opinion, and depends very much on what is considered evidence of sharpness.

LUCY (Southern Ohio) writes: "Encouraged by your kind answers to correspondents, I venture to ask your advice. I apply to you, as I am in a strait, in which I am unable to decide for myself. I am sorry to trouble you, but as you kindly promise to answer questions, I hope you will notice mine. I have been receiving attentions from a gentleman for nearly two years. He is a professional man, of good moral character, high standing, and in good circumstances. Matrimony is his aim, but it is not mine, and as I am only seventeen, and not of a marriageable age, I have never had any serious thoughts on the subject. Even if I was that age, I do not care enough for him to marry him. However will marry him. I enjoy his company, and his visits afford me a great deal of pleasure. Now do you think that I am acting the part of a coquette by receiving his visits, when he encourages himself in every way but by words? I am very much in doubt, and still I can find no reasons to reject him. I have another question to ask you. Do you think it appropriate for a young lady to write a letter to a gentleman, writing as I do? I usually write a running hand, but have lately formed a habit of this way of writing." We cannot say that you are acting in an unmaidenly fashion in enjoying the society of your friend. If you are but seventeen now, you must have been but a child when he expressed his regard for you, and your present age cannot be expected to trouble yourself about the reason of such visits, unless it be expressly declared. If you treat him simply as a friend, there is no reason that you should be deprived of the pleasure of his society, for fear that he may have matrimonial intentions. It will be time enough when he has declared such intentions for you to take your stand, and speak your mind upon the subject. And even if you are obliged to reject his suit, that need not prevent your remaining his friend. The style of writing is rather large, but is, otherwise, a very fair hand. It is just the style of penmanship taught in the Philadelphia schools.

A CONSTANT READER says: "Noticing with pleasure your answers to correspondents, I thought I would take the liberty to ask you a question, which troubles me, though it may seem a little trifling to you, it is this:—A short time ago I made the acquaintance of a young lady, and began calling on her, but of course fell desperately in love with her. She is a young lady of good standing in society, although some of her relatives have not done as they ought. My folks object to my visiting her on account of my love, and seek her to wait for me? Or shall I go away and leave it untold, as I intend to leave this place soon and seek my fortune elsewhere? If you think your judgment is sufficiently matured to enable you to decide sensibly for yourself, the opinions of your folks need not matter much to you. If her position in society is good one, and she herself a lady in all that ought, we can see no justice in punishing her for the sins of her relatives. Of course, if these sins are very heinous and the relationship very close, society will reflect disgrace on her, though she be pure as a lamb. You will have to decide for yourself how the matter stands in your case. Also, if your absence in search of a fortune is likely to be a long one, and the fortune very deeply hidden in the mists of time, it might be well for you to defer a declaration of love until you can see your way clearer. You may find caution a very profitable investment.

"CAT IN THE KITCHEN" writes: "There! if it isn't fun getting up Mango-peppers, I'd like some Post-ed reader to tell me what it is. Especially and particularly when you have two scratches, two burns, and a large cut from a butcher-knife on your right hand! Alas, my friends! I cannot see for weeping—those Mango-peppers proved one too many for me. They burn like a blander, and are harder to deal with than a ten-dollar greenback. My beautiful "black orbs" have blossomed to a most delightful shade of scarlet since morning, and my pale Grecian nose has assumed the hue of an old-fashioned peony. My hands are a scalded pickle, my spirits broken, and my "sweet visions" are nothing but rows on rows of Mango-peppers and cabbage heads. Now, my dear Post, will some intelligent, gentle reader of the Post, tell me how I can make Mango-pickles without making such a mess? Also, if there is anything about the Mango-peppers, I'd like to know it." We have inquired of several gentle, intelligent readers of the Post, and they give quite a variety of ways for the mode of reducing them to shape. However, as the secret of them all appears to be carefulness, we can only advise our unlucky pickle maker to be careful in the handling of her pungent ingredients. Perhaps some kind reader can give our correspondent more detailed advice as to the management of Mangoes.

C. B. SEAVEY (Albany, N. Y.,) asks: "Will you please give me the address of any parties manufacturing or dealing in common school apparatus, at Philadelphia, or elsewhere, and oblige?" Your question is entirely too indefinite. There might be a considerable variety of articles classed under the head of school apparatus, and it is impossible to guess precisely what articles you refer to.

J. E. H. asks: "If a gentleman accompanies a lady to church, when leaving, should he not hold the new door open, and let the lady walk in advance of him to the door of the church?" Yes.

SUBSCRIBER (Carmi, Ill.,) asks: "Is there not a house somewhere called the Inventor's Exchange? If there is, please give the address in your correspondent's column." There is no such establishment in our city, and we know of none elsewhere.

RECEIPTS.

FRICASSEED RABBIT (WHITE.)—Clean two young rabbits, cut into joints, soak in salt and water an hour. Put into a saucepan with a pint of cold water, a bunch of sweet herbs; an onion finely minced; a pinch of mace; one of nutmeg, pepper, and half a pound of fat salt pork cut into slips. Cover and stew till tender. Take out the rabbits and set in a dish where they will keep warm. Add to the gravy a cup of cream or milk; two well-beaten eggs stirred in a little at a time, and a tablespoonful of butter. Boil up once; when you have thickened with flour, wet in cold milk, and take the saucepan from the fire. Squeeze in the juice of a lemon stirring all the while, and pour over the rabbits. Do not cook the head or neck.

HARD SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—Stir to a cream one cup of butter two cups of powdered sugar. When light, beat in a teacup of wine, juice of a lemon; two teaspoonfuls nutmeg. Beat long and hard until several shades lighter in color than at first, and creamy in consistency. Smooth into shape with a broad knife dipped in cold water, and stamp with a wooden mould; first scalded and then dipped in cold water. Set upon the ice until the pudding is served.

EGG PLANT.—Pare and cut the egg plant in thin slices; then two or three hours before you want to cook, pile the slices one over the other with a little salt between each; throw away all the liquor that drains from them. To a large egg plant—that will make twelve slices—take two eggs well-beaten, dip each slice in, and then cover it thickly with bread crumbs, which have been made of pieces baked brown and rolled; put as many pieces into the pan as can lie singly, a small piece of lard, cook until you can run a fork through them. Dish them, and be careful to remove all crumbs, as they will burn the next slice.

RIDDLER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Harp of the North, awake thy sweetest lays,
While every heart unites to sing his praise!

1. From belfry old it tolls at dewy even.
2. In early Saxon times a Christian queen.
3. What is this good for? Why, 'tis good for nought.
4. In silv'ry mountain streams 'tis often caught.
5. On mighty pinion doth it upward soar.
6. A jolly friend of mine who lives next door.
7. 'Twas said of old he bore a wondrous loud.
8. Remarked by ramblers on a rural road.
9. A Chinese watery highway, called "the grand,"
   Or word that horses seem to understand.
10. Up sprang the sun and left bright this behind.
11. In beds of chalk this you will often find.

URSUS.

METAGRAM.

I am composed of five letters, and am to leap.
Change my first, and I am to establish.
Change it again, and I belong to the canine family.
Change it again, and I am a slight elevation of land.
Change it again, and I am to beat.
Change it again, and I am circular.
Change it again, and I am free from decay.
Change it again, and I am to injure.

EARL.

WORD SQUARE.

A landing place.
To unfasten.
A Hebrew month.
Long ago.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

WORD SQUARE.

To secure.
Anger.
To catch.

Philadelphia. BUNNY B.

PROBLEM.

A jews-harp block is a solid bounded by four plane isosceles triangles. The lines in which each two bases of the triangles meet each other are called contrary edges, each contrary edge is perpendicular to a plane passing through its middle point and the other contrary edge. Given a jews-harp block whose length is 4 inches, and contrary edge, 1 inch, to find the solid contents.

T. M. M. D.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why did the Highlanders do most execution at Waterloo? Ans.—Because every man had one kilt before the battle began.

☞ Why is our minister at Paris like a Yankee perfume? Ans.—Because he's an American ether abroad.

☞ Why do sailors working in brigs make bad servants? Ans.—Because it is impossible for a man to serve two mast-ers well!

☞ When is a young lady not a young lady? Ans.—When she's a sweet tart (sweetheart.)

[We hope an open one, and not (t)artful.]

☞ Why are plagiarists like Cape May lodging-house keepers with newly-married couples? Ans.—Because they are accustomed to sea-side dears (seized ideas,) and to make the most out of them that is possible!

☞ Why is a fair-haired doll like jelly? Ans.—Because it's made with eyes-in-glass!

☞ Lead up to this by talking about the colors of bonnets and gowns, then ask. But what is most likely, do you think, to become a fair-haired-woman? Ans.—A fair-haired little girl!

☞ And what becomes every woman? Ans.—A blush!

☞ But why is a blush an anomaly? Ans.—Because a woman who blushes is admired for her cheek.

☞ What moral sentence does a weather-cock suggest? Ans.—It's a vane thing to a-spire.

☞ Why is the ringerpest like a mouse? Ans.—Because the cat'll catch it.

☞ When is a man a muff? Ans.—When he holds a lady's hand without skurweezing it!

☞ What is the most dangerous time of the year to go into the country? Ans.—When the trees are shooting, and the bull-rushes out!

☞ Why, when you contemplate a trip into the country, should you leave the washband basins behind? Ans.—Because they are not ewers?

[And if you act as a base un, and take that which is not yours, you are liable to be seized by the jug-lar vein by a policeman; but all such thoughts are, let us soap, dis(h)tant from your mind.] That's awful.

☞ Give the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of the adjective solemn, with illustrations of the meaning of the word. Ans.—Solemn, being married; solemner, not being able to get married; solemnest, wanting to be un-married when you are married.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

RIDDLE—Grape, rape, ape, page, pea, rap, pear, peg, reap, ear, gape, rag. RIDDLE—A blush.

WORD SQUARE—

CROW
RIDE
ODIN
WENT

BIBLICAL SQUARE WORD—

ROME
ODED
MENE
EDEN